

complete
control 6



March, 2000

INTRO- The stories contained in this one were largely written during the months of November and December of 1999 while on a two month journey from Richmond. I first learned of the WTO actions in Seattle several months earlier and had a gut level feeling that I had to be there. I'm not sure what made me think that Seattle would be any different than countless other over-hyped, under attended mass rallies of the East Coast variety, but something pulled me there. What I lived and witnessed there for that short period of time was the culmination of tens of thousands of folks collective dreams and desires being realized and the reclamation of our lives in the face of one of the most powerful and global threatening entities ever known to humankind. I returned to Richmond in January to a completely revamped and revitalized sense of struggle. The battles and hard fought victories in Seattle had criss-crossed the country and energized the masses into a suddenly focused, dedicated army of warriors ready and willing to take the power back. Having worked with and as part of a mass movement the likes of Seattle, I now more then ever know that Anarchism is the truest and in my opinion only legitimate means of overcoming the mountain that lies ahead of us. Yours In the Spirit Of the Paris Commune,

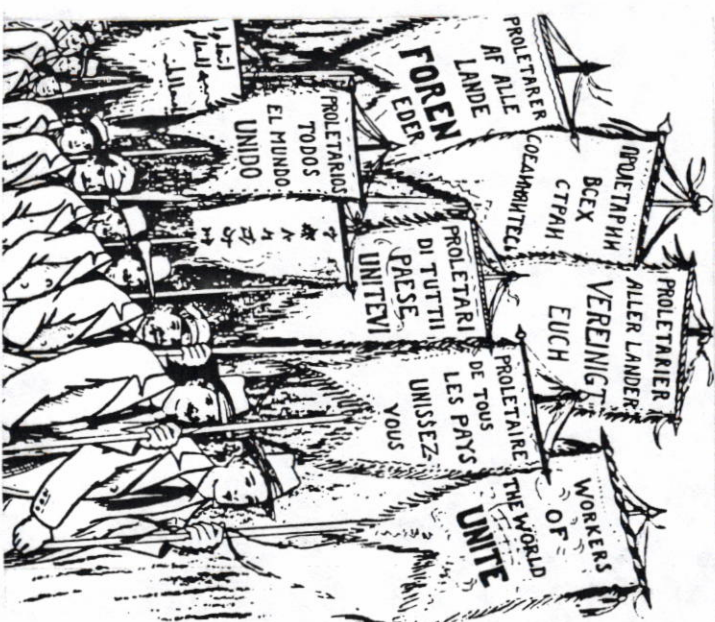
Greg.



Acknowledgements:

front cover- Seattle, November 30, 1999

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Self Promotion:

Back Issues: #2- A people's history of Oregon Hill, prisoner writings, a story on tent city and reflections on my old house. #3- A year in the life of issue with arrest stories, travels to the Northwest, California and Chiapas, quitting my job, botched attempt at squatting, falling in love and an interview with ex George Jackson Brigade member Ed Mead to top it all off. #4- Job history, a critical mass story, The Changing Face of Richmond, persecution of prostitutes and Anarchist writings of old. #5- More jobs stories, Fear of a Black Richmond piece, Life and Death of a Collective, thoughts on my neighborhood and Anarchist organizing and an interview with catholic worker Bill Frankel-Streit. #6- You're looking at it right now. Alright pay close attention here. Issues 2, 4 and 6 are available from me. #'s 2&4 are 55 cents each or both for \$1. Extras of #6 are also available from me for \$1. So, if you want any of these write to: Complete Control PO Box 5021 Richmond, VA. 23220. Copies of #3 and #5 are \$1 each at: Tree of Knowledge Press PO Box 251766 Little Rock, AR. 72225. All back issues are also available at DMM PO Box 17838 Clearwater, FL. 33762. When writing to distros send em an extra buck or two for a catalog. COMPLETE CONTROL is free at finer Anarchist book stores throughout the land. All questions and comments to the above CC address. Thanks, Greg.

SEATTLE

So what the hell is this monster the WTO anyhow? This isn't an easy one to answer. I'll start with what I believe to be one of the most precise and to the point descriptions and follow briefly after with a few thoughts of my own. So, to get started I'm borrowing from a one page infosheet released by the Peoples Action Network.

The World Trade Organization (WTO) is a powerful world government body born in 1995 that manages trade between its 134 member nations. Unlike former trade arrangements such as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the WTO has its own court system and enforcement powers that supersede the authority of national governments. Decisions made by the WTO court have the force of law and can mandate sanctions.

The structure of the WTO was designed by transnational corporations, so it should come as no surprise that the WTO is (a) radically undemocratic, fully insulated against pressure from ordinary citizens; and (b) a vehicle for corporations to challenge and repeal restrictions imposed on them by nation-states.

WTO court is unlike courts we are familiar with here in the states. In WTO court there is no jury, the proceedings are strictly confidential, and decisions are made by three trade bureaucrats who are selected by WTO officials without consideration for conflicts of interest. If any local, state, or federal law of a WTO member country is found by WTO court to violate the WTO's trade rules, the law must be changed, or that nation will be forced to pay fines into perpetuity to the foreign corporations affected. A further requirement of WTO court is that representation is only allowed by the designated national trade representative. A local government attempting to defend its laws cannot represent itself in WTO court, and is not allowed access to the secret WTO court proceedings.

Alright then, what does all this add up to and why should anarchists concern themselves with such technical issues as world governments? Although the few paragraphs above really only scratch the surface of the problem with the WTO, they provide a good cornerstone of why this global entity needs to be stopped. We are at a crucial time in the development of the human race. A time when multi-national corporations (MNC'S) and profit is more important than human life. A time when strip mining, clearcutting and chemicals and toxins polluting the air we breathe and water we drink is becoming accepted as the norm. A time when prison labor, sweatshops and modern slave labor camps are commonplace. It's safe to say that if we don't slow down and take a long and hard look at the destruction we've created that the human race will cease to exist as we now know it.

At the center of this untimely demise is the ever growing thirst and desire to be at the front of the pack in the race for global dominance. Mega corporations like Nike and the Gap have been building for this moment for years. The moment where organizations like the WTO can protect their underhanded tactics on a global level above and beyond the sum total of individual nation states. Why does this concern you? It's simple really, with the WTO as the ultimate supreme law, the corporations have free reign to grow and expand above and beyond individual countries, that is, to be more powerful than countries.

Kangaroo Court for Political Prisoner Robert Lee Thaxton

Sgt. Larry Blackwell is known throughout the Whiteaker neighborhood as a menace, specializing in threats, racism, and intimidation. He joined the Eugene Police Department directly from the LA County Sheriff's Dept. after the 1992 rising. "I got to shoot some of those motherfuckers", is one of his utterances in reference to Hispanics in L.A.

Toward the end of "Reclaim the Streets" on June 18 he charged Rob Thaxton, who threw a rock at him in an effort to get away. Blackwell had made no order to stop or any other comment and was coming at Thaxton with obvious violence, against one with no record of violence.

In a two-day trial marked by outrageous prejudice from the bench toward the defendant, he was convicted July 3 of Assault 2 and Riot and acquitted of Attempted Assault 1. Sentencing occurred on October 13 in which Rob was sentenced to seven years and four months in a penitentiary (because of a mandatory minimum of 70 months in the Assault 2 conviction).

Judge Beard distinguished herself by consistently siding with the prosecution and denying every defense motion. She refused to acknowledge the stated bias of several jurors against anarchists seating them anyway, having already refused that defense counsel (Charlie Porter) be allowed to interview prospective jurors individually. Also denied was a defense motion to admit into evidence material on Blackwell's personal record or allow any witnesses about his behavior or character. Two witnesses were going to discuss the historical record and nature of anarchism, to address the bias against Thaxton as an anarchist. This, too, was not allowed.

Slurs about anarchists, however, were permitted by Prosecutor Gorham, who also brought in extraneous, unsupported charges (e.g. that Thaxton also threw a bottle at Blackwell) and committed other irregularities. The local injustice system went all-out to make Rob an object lesson in what to expect. This one-sided affair was a total sham, as expected. An appeal of his conviction is underway.

Please write to comrade Robert Lee Thaxton #12112716 O.S.P. 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310

All mail sent to Rob must have a return address.

All donations to Rob's legal defense should be sent to Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous PO Box 11331 Eugene, OR 97440 All checks are to be made out to John Zerzan and can be received through the above (AAA) address.

Donations to Rob personally must be sent in the form of money orders only and be mailed to: Department of Corrections Central Trust 2575 Center St. NE Salem, OR 97310 and must be made out to Department of Corrections Central Trust for Robert Lee Thaxton #12112716

Letters should be sent separately from literature and all literature must come directly from the publisher or a bookstore. Zines, in this instance, should have the same address printed on the envelope (if any is used) as is printed on the 'zine itself.

No felt tipped pens can be used, or colored markers or crayons or anything fun like that. However, photocopies (color or b + w) can come in. Photocopied collages are especially welcomed. Smudged, smeared and stained letters will most likely be rejected. So, to be safe use ball point pens only.

It seemed funny enough when Pepsi and Coke waged the cola wars for international soda supremacy in the 80's, but we're rapidly approaching an era where corporate wars may not seem so far fetched. Why are wars fought? For profit, for resources, for greed, for power! All things that corporations desire. With the WTO, the rules and laws and decisions that effect our lives are becoming more and more controlled by a wealthy minority. As if fighting local, state and national government isn't enough for us anarchists to contend with, now we've got this beast on our hands. I could delve much deeper into the intricacies of global capitalism and never get this story finished, but for sake of my sanity and your attention span, I'll now tell my story of Seattle and how it shook the world.

I told myself long ago that I wasn't going to get too wrapped up in this that it would ultimately fail to live up to my always lofty expectations surrounding an event of this magnitude. As the moment drew closer, and I got closer, it started to sink in just how big this was going to be. Once in Vancouver, BC things began to take shape. I caught word of the dozens of busloads of trade unionists from across Canada who were making the trek to Seattle. Everywhere in sight there was anti-WTO graffiti or posters for teach-ins and discussion groups. It was impossible to avoid the fervor, yet I was still in another country.

Finally on Saturday the 27th of November I made my way down to Seattle. After first heading to Left Bank Books (Seattle's Anarchist bookstore), I got the information I needed about the Direct Action Network (D.A.N.) and their warehouse space. Dan began organizing and strategizing for N30 (November 30th WTO events) many months in advance in preparation for tens of thousands of folks spilling into Seattle for the 30th. Dan's main headquarters were at 420 Denny Way, halfway between downtown and Capitol Hill.

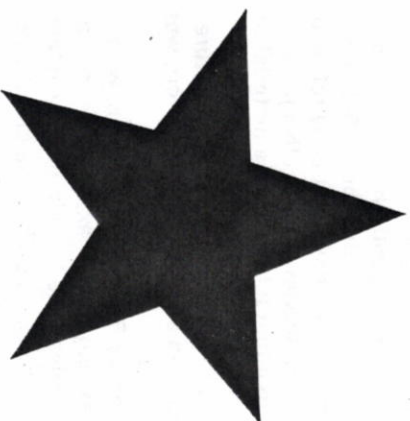
The DAN warehouse was run and operated in the fashion of a commune. Hundreds upon hundreds of activists utilized the facility as the central nerve center of the actions in the streets. Everything from group assemblies to puppet making to meal sharing to tactical training and even first aid occurred at 420. Nearly everyone who passed through the doors contributed in one manner or another. Someone would stand on a chair and scream out "I need people to clean the bathrooms" or "I need people to help sweep the floors" and instantly it would be done.

After I had been there awhile, I found myself in the huge on premise kitchen cutting vegetables and swapping tales with the other kitchen folks. I met a guy who had just arrived from my old hometown of Louisville, where he had been camping incognito in Cherokee Park. Scenes from my late teens played out in fast forward in my head. I can never get enough of these chance encounters.

A couple of hours later I ran into Ben. He had already been in Seattle for a couple of months opening and securing squats for the WTO and the influx of activists. He had recently come to the conclusion that he could do anything he desired at any time and he was now living his life that way. His mere presence got my heart fluttering madly for life. We walked a couple of miles to the Summer Squat (near 16th & Jefferson) catching up and planning for the evening.

that we can remain nice, polite, moderate people and still be radical because we give verbal support to the right causes.

But anarchist revolution has its basis in uprisings against authority, in insurrectional attacks on the present social order. Willingness to apologize for such events indicates a willingness to compromise and for us, compromise is defeat. We will have the upper hand against power, and every time we compromise it is a step forward in power's control and a step backward for us.

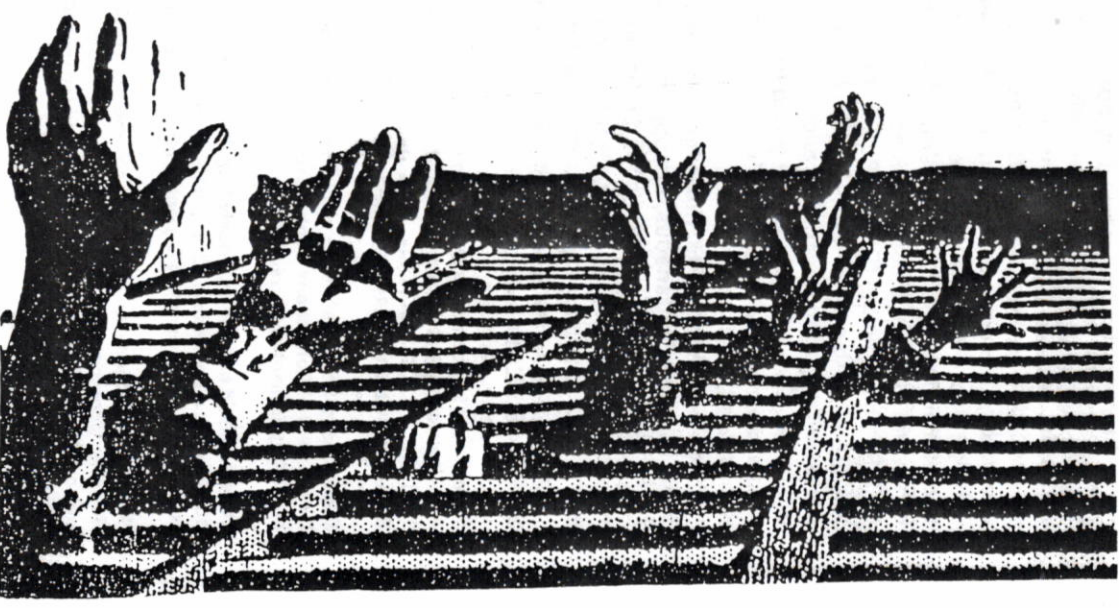


Revolt!

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and know nothing about, should be locked up, forced to give up certain freedoms, even killed... Such a system is beyond any sort of reform that could be acceptable to an anarchist, because at its heart it is authoritarian. Thus, an expression of revolutionary solidarity with an imprisoned comrade would be a struggle aimed at the destruction of the justice system.

This requires an understanding of the justice system. It is courts, judges, prosecutors, the entire trial process, but it is also prisons, police, and laws. There is no use in pursuing prison reforms. No matter how gentle and homely a prison becomes, it remains a prison, a place for locking up one who offends the law. Nor are better behaved police of interest to us. No matter how well behaved the cop is, he or she remains the armed protector of state power and private property, both of which the anarchist seeks to destroy. And better laws only reinforce state power. Their purpose is to protect the present social order, to maintain social peace. And social peace is based in the violence of domination and exploitation, the violence of power.

So our struggles in solidarity with specific prisoners such as Rob base themselves in our struggle against the social order. They use the anarchist methods of attack against that social order not the democratic methods of accommodation and negotiation. This does not mean that we won't use every weapon we can to get Rob free. But we will leave it to the lawyer to battle on the terrain of law - an appropriate term for liberals and civil libertarians whose interest is "justice". Our interest is the destruction of the present social order and the flowering of individual freedom in the context of equal access of all to the condition of life and free creation - this calls for another sort of struggle, a destructive upheaval against all the institutions of power.

The True Nature of the Justice System

The democratic justice system is intended to maintain social peace. It does this through the use of institutionalized terrorism. The acceptance of state and corporate power, of private property and of every other form of domination and exploitation upon which social peace is built can only be maintained by the patrol of armed thugs with the right to abduct anyone who they think is not conforming to the needs of society. The abductee is then brought before a court which puts the veneer of social consensus over the terrorism while deciding how to violate the abductee. Since terrorism is the systematic use of terror in the form of violence or threats of violence to coerce conformity to the terrorists' will, this system must be considered straightforward terrorism.

Master terrorist Bill Clinton has said "There can be no compromise with terrorists." As a master of that art, he should know, and we should take him at his word. If we are interested in the freedom to live our lives to the full, we cannot accommodate to a system of terror intended to turn us into cogs in the social machine. There is no room for negotiation. Only in attack against this monster can the struggle have a chance.

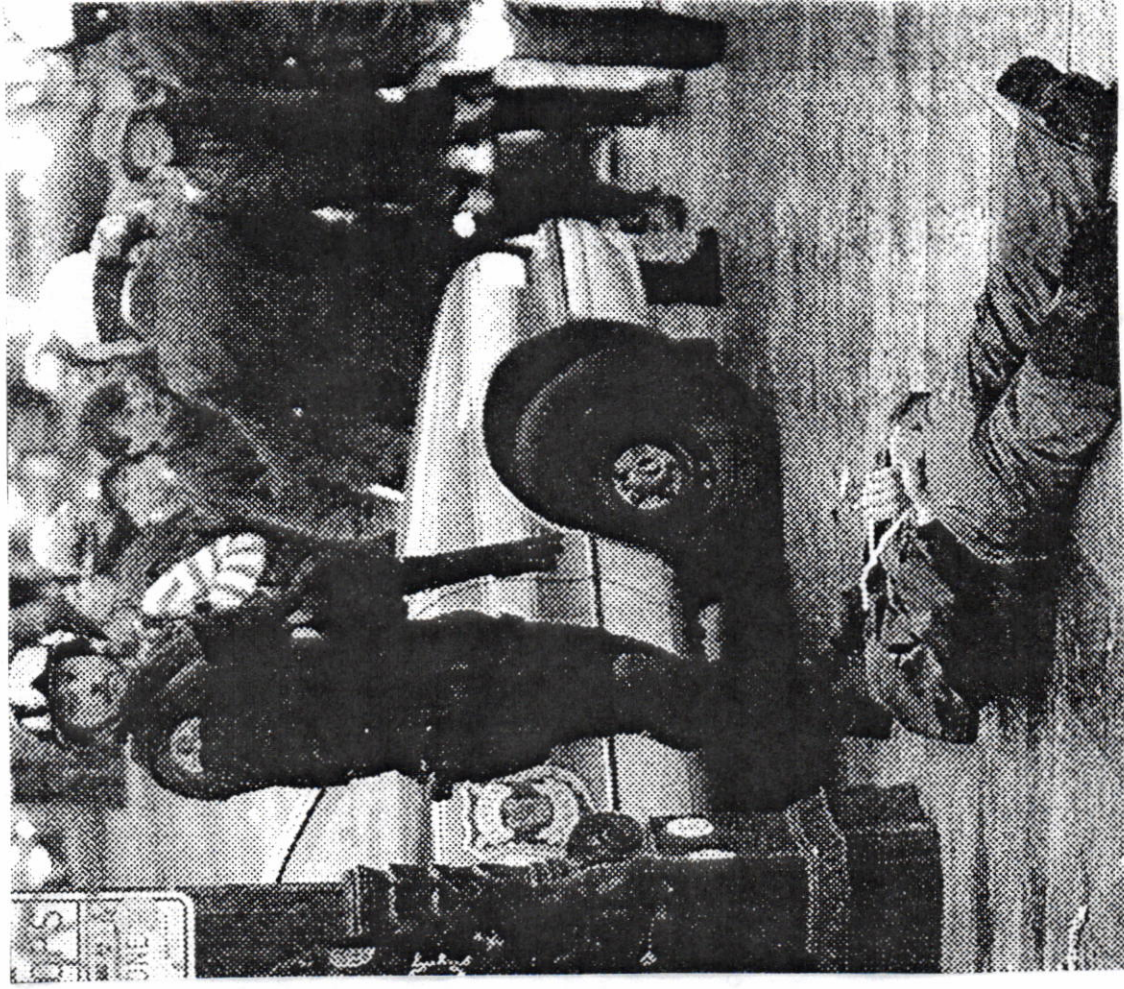
June 18th and the Nature of the Riot

When the street party of June 18th stepped up a notch to become a riot, this was not a matter of anyone lying to the pigs about what was going to happen. The riot of June 18th, like most riots, was a spontaneous expression of rage and rebellion. There is no place for apologies when such events happen. Rage and rebellion are healthy responses to the present social order, and apologies simply play into the hands of the authorities. When laws are broken, as they will be in such an uprising, apologies are a kind of confession, a way of telling the authorities (whose conceptions of right and wrong anarchists reject) that 'we' did wrong. Furthermore, since the actual perpetrators of illegal acts are rarely the ones to apologize, the apologies also amount to authoritarian auto-delegation of the right to speak for others to oneself and a form of snitching. I know its harsh in this world of tact and good manners to call things by their real name, but as long as we continue to euphemize, we will continue to be ignorant of the real significance of our acts.

So-called radicals in this country, including most "anarchists", prefer to keep insurrection at a distance. Even people who are not ethical pacifists prefer that we remain safely nonviolent, using tactics which guarantee the continuance of their role as "opposition" (Is this why even the most militant of this sort of activist prefer to talk of resistance rather than attack?) So they relegate insurrection to exotic lands like Palestine or Chiapas or distant times like Paris 1871 or Catalonia 1936. This keeps the violence of such events distant and abstract, allows to believe

From there we walked to a nearby infoshop/community center called Madhaus that was sit up temporarily for the month before the 30th. It was a small, one room storefront stocked with bulletin boards and flyers and maps and other strategical supplies for the upcoming actions. There were probably about ten or so folks milling about, some having food and coffee, some trying to rest while others were just chatting. Lots of youth from all over the country were there, but we were there specifically for Bruce.

Bruce was responsible for looking after the Madhaus and pretty much lived there and out of the back of his car. He was a really big man in his late twenties who moved slow, talked loud and commanded your attention. He was an IWW (Industrial Workers of the World, or wobblies) organizer in Seattle and had a vast knowledge of radical and people's history in the area. It made perfect sense for him to take up the struggle for the African-American Heritage Museum & Cultural Center (AAHMC), and he did just that.



The AAHMCC was started in 1983 when members of the African-American

community in Seattle's Central District voiced concern over a proposed police precinct on 23rd and Yesler Streets. As a tactic to oppose the construction of the precinct many folks began an occupation of the former Colman School. The community demanded an African museum and cultural center instead of a police jail house. After four years of occupying the site, the police were run out of the neighborhood and were unable to build the precinct.

From that initial occupation close to twenty years ago, the AAHMCC has fought a never ending series of uphill battles with corrupt politicians who champion state funding for sports stadiums over educational and cultural development projects. On June 4th, 1998 the museum was raided by Seattle Police Department SWAT Teams and forcibly vacated. Since that time a small group of clandestine operators have begun to reenter the building in hopes of once again turning it over to the community.

So, it didn't take much convincing for me to travel along with Ben, Bruce & Alexis to the center that night. After fidgeting with some boards for awhile, we got inside and got a good look around it became obvious that the building needed help on a level that we couldn't even begin to scratch the surface of. The smell of asbestos and pigeon shit made it nearly impossible to breath inside. Giant piles of trash and rotted furniture dotted the hallways. The entire place was covered with graffiti and empty spray paint cans. Still, amidst the deteriorating infrastructure I couldn't help but feel the glow from my comrades as they reminisced about the history and struggle of this forgotten landmark. But it was now in the wee hours of morning and my body needed sleep in a bad way.

Ben, Alexis and myself returned to Summer Squat to call it a night. The place was in pretty rough shape. No walls, no insulation and home to a family of pesky squirrels and rats who enjoyed climbing on you in your sleep. However, it was dry, had electricity and was very safe and secure. Early in the morning we got up and headed over to Seattle Central Community College (SCCC) for a noontime demo up Broadway in the Capital Hill community.

It was the first big pre-cursor rally where large numbers showed up. There was some really great street theatre and radical cheerleading and all the beautiful puppets were out. This is where I also encountered the Anarchist marching band for the first time. They were fantastic. About 15 folks made up the band. They were covered head to toe in black and carried horns and drums and waved flags and blew whistles and kicked much ass.

When the procession down Broadway began I followed close by the band. At one point they stopped and proceeded to march into a mall with a Gap in it and stop right in front of the store and play for several minutes. A crowd of a couple of hundred followed inside and sang and clapped and rally freaked out the mall patrons. It was a great scene and lots of fun.

Robert Thaxton

Who He Is And The Struggle He Is Part Of

Who is Rob Thaxton?

I first met Rob Thaxton - better known to his anarchist comrades as Rob los Ricos - in 1991 in Austin, Texas. For as long as I have known him, he has been involved in anarchist activities. In Texas, he had connections with Earth First? And helped to organize anarchist gatherings in Houston and Austin. While living in Portland, Oregon a few years ago, he was involved with the anarchist info-shop that existed at the time. This past winter, he lived in Columbia, Missouri helping to publish *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed* and *Alternative Press Review*, as well as working on book projects of the Columbia Alternative Library Press. Rob has also shown interest in indigenous and Chicano issues, being Chicano himself. He spent the summers of 1997 and 1998 on a piece of land in southern Oregon where several people, including some anarchists, are experimenting with natural, low impact gardening techniques, permaculture, eco-friendly architecture and low-tech living. Rob views this project as a part of becoming a person more capable of living without the industrial monster, and so better able to fight it. He had planned to stay on the land again this summer and had been there one month before his arrest. He had spoken of settling there long-term to really learn the skills he wanted to gain. Rob also has a 3-year-old daughter who is living with her mother in Portland. He views his revolutionary activity, as well as his experiments in low-tech living, as in part, a gift to his daughter whom he loves dearly.

Rob has no desire to be a martyr. He wants and, to the best of his ability, acts toward anarchist revolution for himself and those he loves. But the police and prosecutors wanted a scapegoat for June 18. Rob was not a local. The authorities believed he was a transient. Add to this that Rob was a Chicano, and that one of his arresting officers, Larry Blackwell, has been heard to make slurs and threats against Chicanos, Rob begins to look like the perfect scapegoat. So after being beaten to the ground, his nose broken, his eye blackened, his scapulae injured, his brain concussed, he found himself facing charges of rioting, first-degree assault, and second degree assault. This last sentence has a required 6-year minimum sentence. His bail was set at \$240,000, keeping him from the land he loves and the friends he loves.

Revolutionary Solidarity

With a friend and comrade in a situation like Rob's, of course, basic support work is necessary - building a defense, getting together funds for a lawyer, all the banalities that come up in such a situation. But, from an anarchist perspective, revolutionary solidarity is equally or even more essential.

Revolutionary Solidarity is expressed through the continuation of the struggle against this society, the continuation of the attack against the institutions which judge and imprison ourselves and our comrades. So, although we will certainly not deny Rob all the tools he can use to defend himself, we will not let our struggle be deflected into petitions to the authorities. Rather we will battle the authorities with all means that can be used in an anarchist way.

As anarchists, we have no interest in the justice system. Rob says he did not commit the crimes of which he was accused, and we will certainly do what we can to prove this. But from an anarchist perspective, the guilt or innocence of a comrade is not important in determining our solidarity with him or her. This concept of guilt and innocence is just another aspect of the democratic system of justice and law which we reject.

The justice system, justice as it exists in the present society, is a system of judgement, a system which allows certain people to determine that others, who these judges have never met

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subversive tactics. According to at least one reporter, the entire show has become required study for various federal investigators, especially after the Veil arson and \$500,000 torching of the headquarters of U.S. Forest Industries in Medford, Oregon in December.

1998 ended with the vandalizing, for the third time in three months, of a van belonging to Whiteaker resident and Eugene Police Department employee Todd Schneider (better known as the neighborhood police snitch and wolf in sheep's clothing). A few so-called "anarchists" held a candle-light vigil in support of liberal, family-man Schneider, horrified by the damage and the "DIE PIG" graffiti tagged on the van. These "anarchists" were embarrassed to learn that Officer Schneider had, three years before, publicly defended a fellow pig who had shot to death two unarmed people within a six month period.

The *Black Clad Messenger*, a periodical devoted to attacking the industrial/authoritarian system, protest-as-usual lameness and other forms of pseudo-opposition, and even civilization itself, began to appear in early '99. Along with this publication, it should be noted, the new no-holds-barred anarchist (dis)organization *Anarchist Action Collective* has done a great deal of tabling at community events to bring forth anarchist analysis and perspectives.

After the many months of the anarchist offensive, mainstream media began to comment on it this past winter. After all, the general tactic of suppressing news and views of anarchist orientation could only go on so long without becoming an even more visibly intentional or political policy. The daily *Register Guard* and talk radio were a buzz with the story of "Anarchy in Eugene". More significantly, people for once talked of the pejorative A-word as a serious topic, and a public forum on Anarchy was held in February, in which several people gave presentations and an open give-and-take took place. A *Wall Street Journal* journalist spent five days in town exploring the movement and more media attention is in the cards, unavoidably. Meanwhile, the heat has increased and two have been arrested on felony charges stemming from the Nike action. Here, as elsewhere, an increasingly militarized police presence harasses/intimidates and sometimes assaults various types of people it considers a threat to work-and-pay slavery.

More and more folks see themselves as anarchists. It is becoming obvious that anarchy is

the only alternative, the only opposition, to the devouring system that ravages the individual, society, and the biosphere. Liberalism and various single-issue approaches are still with us, but a worsening reality exposes their severe limitations as it evokes a deeper indictment of what envelops us. Anarchy - and certainly not just in Eugene - increasingly poses a vision of life that is not based on money, technology, mass-production, mass-consumption. More and more anarchy is primitivist or it is nothing, just as it is militant or it is nothing. Distinct enough from what we must end.



A couple of hours later folks met back up at SCCC and started a large street party/rally into the downtown shopping district. There were probably close to 2,000 folks for this one. The whole procession was led by a big van with a sound system hooked to it blasting hip hop and dance music, creating a reclaim the streets sort of vibe. All of the major corporate chain stores were surrounded while folks carried on a street festival just outside their doors. The best thing about this event was seeing the expressions on the Sunday shoppers faces. It was as if we had sounded the bullhorn and announced that we were taking our streets back. A good taste of things to come.

Later on I was at 420 space eating and relaxing when I caught wind of the mass squat downtown on Virginia Street. So, about thirty or forty of us walked down there and went inside to help secure the place. Lots of folks were busy reinforcing windows and building stronger barricades. The building itself was some sort of old artspace gallery. The rooms were huge with 25 foot high ceilings and giant stages and lofts. It was a very good choice for a mass takeover.

There was a tremendous amount of excitement and enthusiasm inside the building. In one room people were installing a toilet, in another folks were preparing the evening's meal and yet another there was a full scale press conference going on. You really had to be there to appreciate the humor in this scene. There were probably seven or eight masked anarchists carrying on interviews with the media and trying to be serious while decked out in head to toe ninja style gear. It was a very bizarre thing to witness. After a couple of hours, I left to head up to Capital Hill to meet some friends at a bar called Comet's. I stayed there for an hour or so before heading back to Summer Squat to call it a night.

I arrived while there was a private meeting of twenty or so folks going on. I sat outside in the rain for 45 minutes while they wrapped up. Once all was over and I was at Summer alone, I decided that I didn't want to stay there and began heading over to 420. Once I got there, I hooked up with a van load of folks from Denver who were heading back to the Virginia Street squat for solidarity and copwatching.

Soon thereafter Ben showed up along with another friend of ours, Dan. There were probably about ten people on the outside keeping our eyes on the now mounting police force across the street. The squatters had great communications systems worked out. Police radios, walkie-talkies and the Independent Media Center (IMC) documenting everything on video. Gradually more and more police cruisers showed up along with some Feds and undercover agents. The tension was starting to build. Finally the cops began shutting off the utilities one by one in an attempt at intimidating those inside. It didn't work, and the cops finally left at close to 3 in the morning.

I was thoroughly wiped out. I gathered my gear and looked for a safe spot to bed down for the night. I ended up sleeping in front of an abandoned storefront downtown for about three and a half very frigid hours of sleep. When I woke up around 7:30 in the morning I walked the ten blocks back to the Virginia Street Squat to see how things were going. There was only one cop cruiser out front and several people crashed out in the front covered only by cardboard.

I spent the next few hours at my roommate Loren's parents' house eating and cleaning up a bit. When I caught a bus back downtown I walked into a flurry of activity. First I came upon a McDonalds that had just had its windows smashed by a group of 20 young activists. The whole area was now swarmed by the stormtrooper not kops. They looked like cartoon characters. They were wearing elbow and knee pads and helmets and gas masks and multiple layers of chest protective gear. They wobbled more so than walked, but still managed to be pretty intimidating.

A couple of blocks away I came into a march of 1,500 or so that was spilling into the retail core. There seemed to be some confusion as to where to go from there. So, half of the marchers left for some labor meeting while a hundred others headed over to the mass squat for a show of support. Once there we stood in the street where all those inside could see us and began chanting "Homes Not Jails, Homes Not Jails" over and over until all inside were at the windows banging on them in unison to our yelling.

Fifteen minutes later the main door popped open and a cry for us to come inside went out to all out front. About a dozen of us busted in and ran up the stairs. I went all the way up to the roof and began watching the situation outside from the other side. Word leaked in that the police were mobilizing a secret force to come bust in anytime now. It was rumored that all on hand would be arrested. With that I opted out once again as I had no desire to spend the 30th in jail. As it turned out nothing ever happened anyway. I began walking and bumped into Dan and Alexis. They were on their way to the Apartment Complex Squats early to drink and relax for the big day. I tagged along as I sorely needed a place to stay for the night.

The Apartment Squats were several miles outside of downtown near 39th Street. It was one huge building with 5 separate apartments all filled with squatters and travelers from all corners of the country. We went to bed fairly early that night as the jitters were starting to settle in. I laid there in a cold sweat wondering what amazing adventures the morning would bring. We woke up around 8 a.m. and were on a bus towards downtown in under a half an hour. I remember feeling extreme nervousness and anxiety while riding the bus.



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resident folks in question, the police tried to kick off the advent of "Weed and Seed" via secret meetings. But "Cop Watch" volunteers got wind of this maneuvering, opening the meetings up to the public. It didn't take long for "Weed and Seed" to be run out of the Whiteaker before it even got started, a humiliating defeat for the Eugene Pig Department.

Also, last summer began an explicitly anarchist campaign, one component of which was property damage. The tactic of sustained targeted vandalism has been a huge step forward, has "forced the issue" and put anarchy on the map.

Predictably, I suppose, this new stage of contestation, occurring largely in the Whiteaker area and Eugene all together, was ignored by the media for several months. It was however the #1 topic of discussion in the Whiteaker. Two of the main targets in the 'hood were the Fred Barn Grocery, whose owner had engaged in a devious bring-down-icky's Tea House-campaign, and the Blair Island Cafe, an expensive, very potentially gentrifying presence in Eugene's poorest district. There intentions were clear: Drive out the poor and bring in the rich. The Fred Barn Grocery, unfortunately, survives, but the Blair Island Cafe, victims of repeated property damage, closed down.

All around Eugene, anarchists were targeting businesses and corporations, mainly fast-food chains, yuppie gentrifiers, computer companies and other agents of exploitation. Bill Boards and walls were marked with "FREE TED KACZYNSKI", "VISUALIZE INDUSTRIAL COLLAPSE", and "PROPERTY IS THEFT" amongst other boldly anti-authoritarian slogans. The anarchist movement of Eugene was becoming more and more apparent.

Dialogue about which businesses and other sites constitute the worthiest targets has been a constant feature, especially on the streets in the good summer and fall weather. Interestingly, the discussions were not based on whether property damage was "right or wrong", but on the anarchist vandals' choices of appropriate targets. It was clear that actions moves dialogue to a higher level, just as it began to make anarchy and anarchism serious concepts in general.

On the late night of August 2nd ('98) after the Eco-radical musicians Tchikung! played at the local WOW Hall concert hall, the band pumped up some aggression in the audience and insisted that they take to the streets. Nearly all the concert-goers marched through downtown Eugene, blocking traffic, beating drums, blowing fire and

having a kind of street parade. After about a half an hour, a group of anarchists, with other intentions in mind, called on the crowd to march to the Fifth Street Public Market, where previously activist Mike McCarthy had been seriously assaulted by a security guard in an attempt to stop the cutting of several trees to make way for the new Nike town. Many people marched with the anarchists throughout the streets attacking car sales lots, government vehicles and yuppie businesses, up until they reached the Nike town construction site, where they shredded up the fence, and then dispersed as the police arrived. Nobody was arrested.

Another step forward was occasioned by a protest at the local Nike outlet on October 17, 1998. What was another standard-issue demo aimed at the abusive child-labor practices and other corporate misdeeds of Nike, ended up as far more serious: About a dozen or so masked anarchists went into the store and trashed it. Firecrackers were set off, pumpkins were smashed, displays destroyed and/or trampled over, merchandise pitched over a balcony into a fountain 2 stories below, and as rumor has it, a satellite on the roof was also smashed up by the black anarchist faction causing some \$5,000 damage. All involved evaded arrest, and the news of the "Nike Riot", as it was dubbed, spread far and wide.

On November 2, a large SWAT team of pigs entered the home of the parents of a 15-year old anarchist, who was allegedly at the turbulent Nike scene. They forced the couple to the floor at gunpoint and removed an entire room full of personal property, occupying the house for seven hours, the local newspaper suppressed the story of this outrageous Gestapo-style raid almost as totally as they had done vis-a-vis the ongoing targeted damage to various businesses, banks, a police substation, etc.

Two days after the raid, the cable public access program, "Cascadia Alive!" presented a panel discussion on the topic of violent tactics. Besides the Nike action, October had also seen the marvelous \$12 million arson of an expanding Veil Ski Resort, in Colorado, by the Earth Liberation Front. Generally speaking the participants in the exchange were very much in favor of violent (property destruction) tactics and expressed dissatisfaction with tamer, less effective means, the show featured a video segment that has become somewhat notorious. A masked member of the Black Army Faction, a hard-core anarchist group, read a statement vigorously endorsing illegal and

★ ANARCHY ★

by John Zerzan and Brenton Glicker

"The Whiteaker" is Eugene, Oregon's oldest and poorest neighborhood. Over the past few years some significant anarchy-type situations have developed in Eugene, especially in the Whiteaker.

Icky's Tea House (1994-1997) was an anti-institution institution, a haven for dispossessed and disaffected. Mainly everything at Icky's was free, including a library, video night, food for the homeless, and a bike repair corral. After four years, this non-commercial refuge went under, succumbing to increasing pressure from the pigs and one especially nasty, liberal merchant. The punk show benefit for Ted Kaczynski in May of '96 wasn't exactly seen as a bid for acceptance by the straights. The fall of Icky's (a "hot-bed of anarchy" as the local media had it, somewhat prematurely) was a bitter defeat for many in the 'hood.

In June of '97, City Hall executed a stealth move on Sunday morning in support of the building of a downtown parking garage. A couple dozen trees got axed, tree-sitters were forced out of the trees by pepper spray, and just about everyone surrounding the area, protesters or not, got maced as well. While most protesters then fled the area, a smaller group of protesters marched through the mall smashing out the windows of the much despised SYMANTEC computer corporation and ripped parking meters from the ground. This episode provoked major outrage and "June 1st" is still an issue in Eugene.

A more successful fight, at around this time, turned out to be a something of a watershed. During several months in '97, a small park in the Whiteaker occasioned a series of neighborhood meetings. Some near-by business owners wanted the park closed due to the presence of dopers and other undesirables. Many, including those associated with Icky's Tea House, wanted to keep it open. A rough consensus was reached after many public discussions. Scobert Gardens would be minimally fenced off, ostensibly to allow foliage regrowth. The city, by the way, had stated that it would go along with the wishes of the neighborhood. Instead, the park was totally closed off and officially closed. This alienated even the more conservative folks, who had initially wanted to see Scobert sealed off.

The response to this heavy-handedness was immediate, various people hung "Free Scobert Park" banners in the trees, chalked slogans on the sidewalk, held sleep-ins in the park - and tore up the fences night after night. The city and its police put the fences back up each morning, but soon

gave up. Scobert was a lovely neighborhood victory.

Around mid-February ('98) was the dawn of Eugene's own pirate radio station "98.5 Free Radio Cascadia", a project of many devoted activists, including several anarchists. Some of the more radical shows include "The Anarchy Hour", "The Ned Ludd Show", the "No Comply Show" show and "Revolutionary Nihilist" amongst others. Around this time was also the beginning of the occupation of the Fall Creek tree-sits, where many radical environmentalists and anarchist from both Eugene and elsewhere have fought against Zippo Lumber Co. and the Forest Service to preserve some of the last remaining old growths in Oregon. The tree-sitters have faced near constant harassment from the authorities, but still refuse to leave the forest. This battle is still being fought.

The following summer, 1998, saw two other impressive wins for the people of the Whiteaker. The first involved 25 old-growth maples, lining three blocks in the heart of the area. These trees had been drastically ruined by the local power lines from a near by substation. Turns out, the city claimed, these majestic trees (this old neighborhood's signature feature) were now too damaged and hazardous to citizens.

Once again, popular response was immediate and revealed even more solidarity than in the case of the attempted closing of Scobert Park. Meetings were called and it was made clear to the authorities that cutting the trees would not be tolerated. The head of the municipal Public Works Dept., at the largest of these grassroots meetings, got a loud and angry reaction as she tried to soothe opposition with double-talk. Because of the significance and self-organization of many neighborhood activists, the beautiful trees are still standing.

The next confrontation was somewhat predictable, given recent history in the Whiteaker area. It involved "Weed and Seed", a federal program for poor neighborhoods, in which the bureaucrats dangle (funds for a community center, for example) in exchange for permission to come in and crack down on "disturbers of the public peace". "Seed" meaning money, and force applied to "Weed" out certain people. This has turned out to be a devil's bargain for those locales who have been suckered in and ended up with a mini police-state on their hands. Under "Weed and Seed's" criminal penalties increased harshness towards out-laws and some offenses are federalized.

Knowing the generally autonomous,

Once we got a couple of blocks away from the city center you could hear the sound of thousands of folks drumming, singing, chanting and screaming. There was an amazing amount of electricity in the air. It didn't take long for me to lose track of the crew I was with, but it didn't matter as I was with thousands of comrades now. There was so much activity going on in every direction that it took me awhile to figure out where to be. After a bit of walking around, I came upon 6th and Union where a major standoff was shaping up.

There were fully decked out riot cops on two sides of us and several hundred protesters in the middle of the intersection singing and dancing. There were probably 500 or more folks on the surrounding streets keeping distance from the cops but still ready and watching. 6th and Union was a very strategic intersection and it became apparent early on that the kops were going to move to disperse the crowd sometime soon. The Anarchist Marching Band showed up and lifted our spirits as the tension was getting thick. At this early stage no one was sure what the kops were gonna do.

Suddenly without warning the kops advanced on the masses and began using batons and pepper spray to clear the area. People began to run in every direction rubbing their eyes and screaming. I was about 15 feet away but still managed to get hit fairly hard. I stood off to the side for a minute to let my eyes readjust. Meanwhile many brave folks were holding ground in the middle of the intersection while the kops were spraying them in the eyes from point blank range. Off to the left there were 15 or 20 folks hurling rocks and bottles at the kops. The battle lines had been drawn.

After a while the crowd broke up to aid folks in other locales. I walked a couple of blocks over to a rapidly swelling Anarchist contingency. As I sat and rested lots more folks showed up at that corner and began to grow restless. Folks then began hurling newspaper stands and garbage cans into the intersection. Lots of pacifists on the scene began chanting "No Violence, No Violence" and working with the mainstream media to discredit the Anarchists, through incriminating interviews.

Soon thereafter a black block* was formed. The black block soon began making their way down the street smashing windows and spreading graffiti on every corporate target in sight. McDonalds, Starbucks, Warner Brothers, the Gap, Nordstrom, Radio Shack and many banks were targeted. It was all done in a very thorough, well orchestrated manner. The main pack would remain thick in the middle of the street while a few would break off on either side to smash windows with sledge hammers or chains or spray paint "We're Winning" or "Seattle is just the beginning". No one stayed away from the pack for long to ensure the well being of all.

As things carried on many pacifist police showed up and began verbally-and in some cases physically attacking Anarchists. One middle aged pacifist guy attempted to rip off the mask of a young anarchist in front of the media and expose him. When this failed he pushed him down. The pacifists were arguing that property destruction was violent and that they would do whatever necessary to protect it. I was dumbfounded.

A couple of blocks later there was a line of pacifists standing guard in front of a clothing store while five or six black youth were trying to get some jeans out of the broken window of the store. The "No Violence" chant went up once again as the kids tried to force their way past the line to get some goods. One pacifist on the right spit at one of the kids. All of this was done in defense of property. It was a sickening display that haunted me for the rest of the day.

At this point debates began raging on the streets about the merits of the black block. To me this isn't even an issue. The corporations that were targeted are the exact kind of businesses that use exploitive labor and environmental practices to reap maximum profit. The action of the black block sent a pure and simple message that we're keeping our eyes on the big picture and business as usual will not be tolerated. The persecution of Anarchists by the overly agro pacifists was completely uncalled for.

*Refer to the black block communique (elsewhere within) for a more detailed analysis.

I was now back in the thick of the masses and was hearing stories left and right of other actions. The opening ceremonies of the conference at the Paramount Theatre were being shut down. There were so many bodies outside of the theatre that the delegates couldn't get in. This same human chain technique would be utilized time after time to block entrances to meetings, hotels and restaurants that delegates tried to enter. It was starting to become really clear that we were winning, that the city belonged to the people.

I then went to Left Bank for a spell to relax and see what the latest was. As soon as I walked in I was treated like a soldier coming in from the trenches. I was greeted, given some juice and fruit and encouraged to make myself at home. There must've been thirty to forty folks crammed into the tiny place, most sitting or standing in the middle room gathered around the tv watching the absolutely ludicrous from the street reports. It was as if the kops were pulling the levers at the studios. Sickened, but not surprised I ventured back onto the streets just in time for the huge labor rally.

A lot of discussion has been in the air lately about the role of the labor movement in Seattle and like everyone else I've got my two cents worth. Apparently there was mass confusion in the bureaucracy at the stadium where the labor rally began. I heard from a few wobbles that word of the conflicts in downtown delayed the start of the march. Once the heart of the procession arrived in downtown there was some level of hesitancy on the part of the unionists to join the barricades and major standoffs. Exceptions to this were the steelworkers and the IWW. The Longshoremen were also out in force as they had the day off for shutting down every major port on the Western seaboard for the day. When word of this got to the streets, people cheered in jubilation.

Nonetheless, had the unionists came into the fray en masse, the numbers for us would have doubled. This would have been an empowering move and show of solidarity, but it didn't go down that way. I must admit I was pretty disappointed, but there was still a war going on. At around 3:30 or so things started to really pick up around 4th and Pike. Several kops had abandoned their cars and people were puncturing the tires and covering them with graffiti. Whether or not this infuriated the kops or not is debatable but they started to get very hostile shortly thereafter.



AFTER EMANUEL



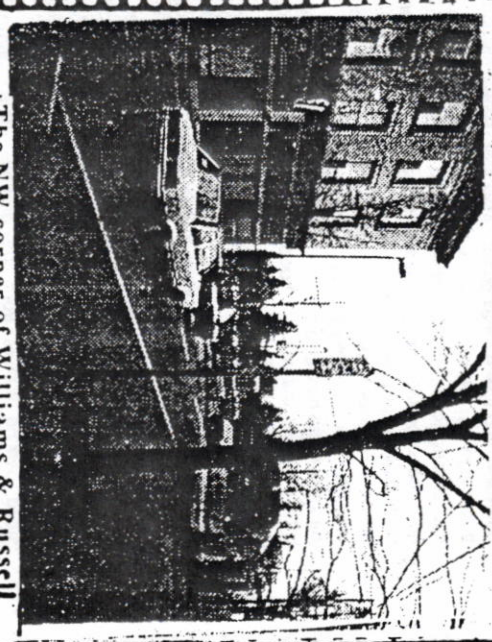
Jussell

Since 1962 the Portland Development Commission had wrote off the Eliot Neighborhood as being useful only for industrial, commercial, and institutional uses. Williams Avenue, one of the major thoroughfares of the Eliot neighborhood, since the 1930s had been a center for African American community and business. Jazz clubs, restaurants, private clubs, churches, groceries, music stores, laundromats, pharmacies, a YMCA, and the first black owned funeral home.

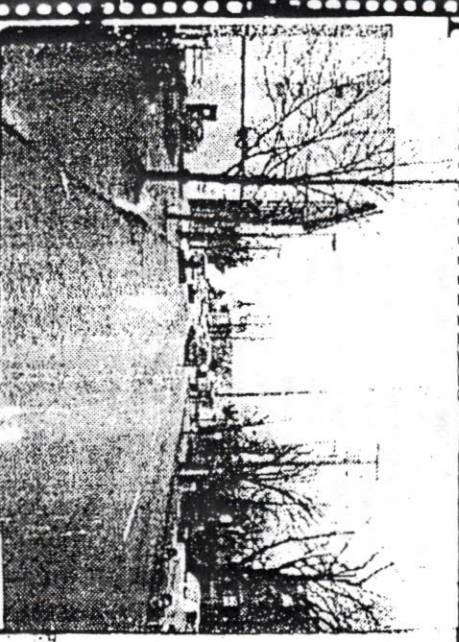
In 1967 Emanuel Hospital announced that, with the assistance of federal grants, it would need to expand to a 19 acre health campus. In 1970 a group called the Emanuel Displaced Person's Association was formed headed by Mrs. Leo Warren. Their were pickets and protests but to no avail. In the end 188 houses were destroyed in the neighborhood. When the grant money ran dry we're left with a large hospital, a few ugly suburban style outpatient facilities, and several large unused vacant lots.

"Didn't they have a long range plan? After all, if your life's investment was smashed to splinters by a bulldozer to make room for a hospital, you could at least feel decent and perhaps tolerable about it but to have it all done for nothing? Well, what is there to feel?"

-Mrs. Leo Warren

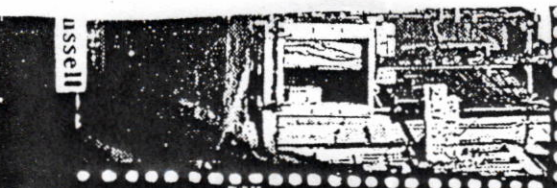


The NW corner of Williams & Russell



Looking north on Williams, at Russell

ALBINA FOSTER PROJECT



Jussell

still mostly residential, but once you cross Williams only a handful of homes remain. Over a ten year period the PDC & Emanuel knocked out 22 city blocks. Williams ave., formerly casually known as "the Stom" is an incredibly pale shadow of its former happenin' self.

EMANUEL & PDC

It all started in the early 60's. Emanuel Hospital felt that its current facilities would be outdated in our fast moving 20th century. So with the help of the PDC it began a slow process of expansion. It came to a head in 1970 during the last phases of its development. Slated for destruction were 209 homes. A hospital is no mall or free-way, so it was not seen as entirely evil, yet this "blighted" neighborhood was very important to its residents. In December of 1970 the Emanuel Displaced Persons Association was started by Mrs. Leo Warren, an elderly black ex-school teacher, to fight the destruction of the neighborhood. 158 of the 209 affected were part of the EDPA. First strike by the EDPA was through the courts, tying up the expansion claiming it violated the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which guaranteed no discrimination or citizen participation in federal programs (the PDC was getting HUD \$).

No Luck. By 1971 the EPDA had pretty much resigned themselves to the fact that they were gonna lose their homes. They moved to fighting for quality in the homes that the PDC were rebuilding them to. They also made one last chance at raising public support, by offering tours of their neighborhood on Saturdays, showing the not so blighted part of blight.

"In listening to people from all over Portland, we could get the idea that you were doing all of us a favor, that all the homes in the displacement area were bad, & that we should be grateful for your attention."

- Mrs. Leo Warren. By 1972 the PDC had bought all the homes in the neighborhood, so you were either moved or paying rent to the PDC. People were feeling increasing misdeeds, used & distrustful of local officials.

One of the last residents to move from the neighborhood was the Fred Hampton Memorial People's Medical Clinic, a free health clinic run by the Black Panther & Health RAP (Research Action Project). On April 8th after most of the area had been bulldozed, the federal money coming in was not approved of in the new presidential budget. The project was halted, leaving many large vacant lots still in existence today.

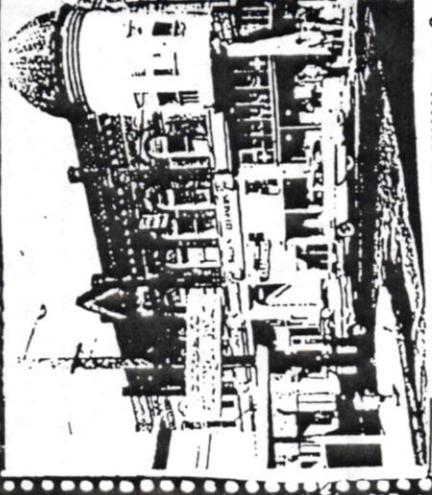
Their was a common feeling at the time, not just by neighborhood activists, that the bulldozing wouldn't have started weeks before budget approval (S. Kelly Ngon-ea budget approval) if it had been in a white neighborhood. Seems to me, that the PDC & Emanuel knew the budget might not pass but over three years had made such a bungle of community relations that it just wanted to go through with it, no matter what.

The final action of the EPDA was to ask for a citizens committee to have control over the lots. Take a guess on how the PDC answered.

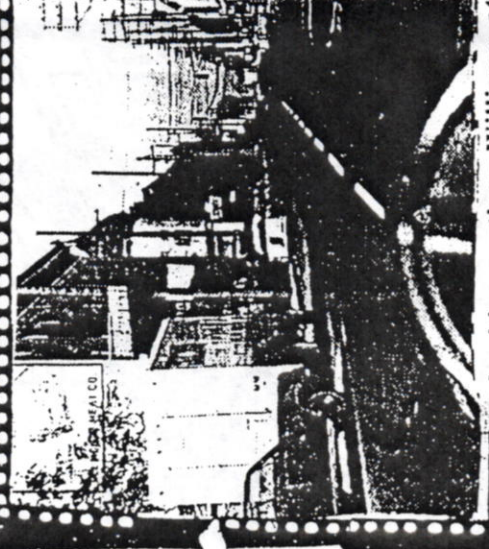
"It's funny, I used to think urban renewal was for the people. Now I know it's for places & money & things not people."

- Mrs. Leo Warren.

BEFORE EMANUEL



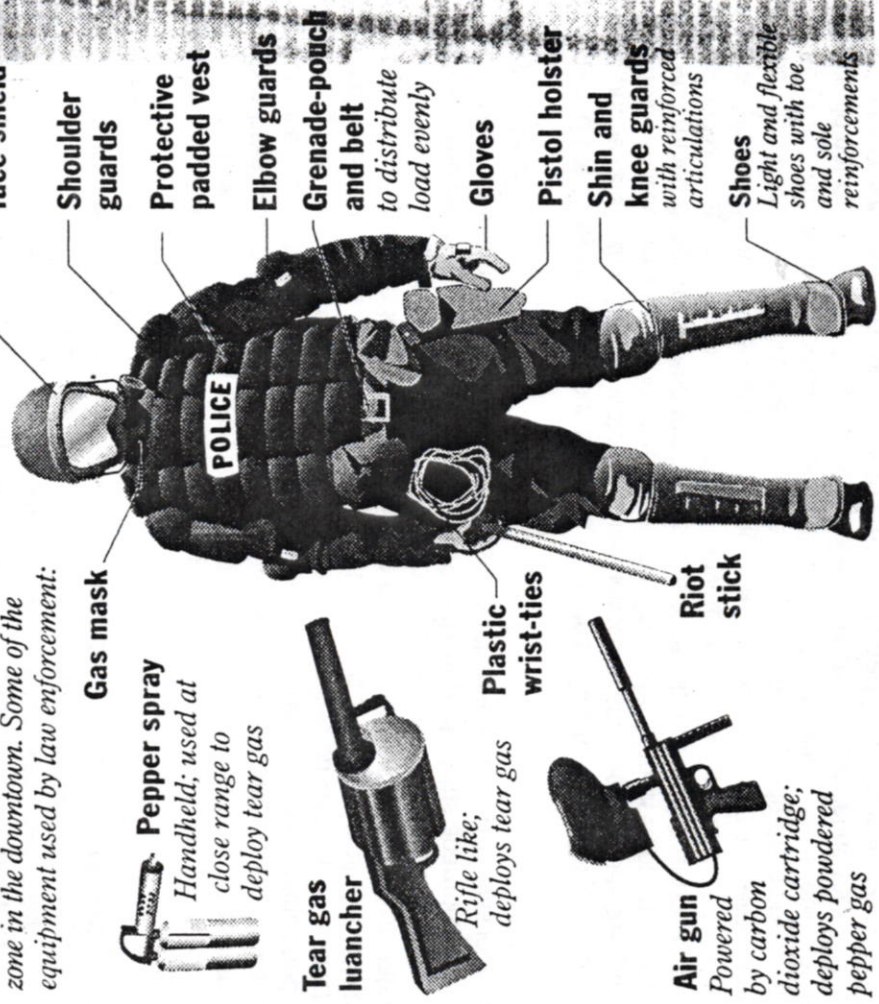
The NW corner of Williams & I



Looking north on Williams, at

Riot police

SWAT teams, state police and the national guard joined local police Wednesday to enforce a no-protest zone in the downtown. Some of the equipment used by law enforcement:



Helmet with face shield

Shoulder guards

Protective padded vest

Elbow guards

Grenade-pouch and belt to distribute load evenly

Gloves

Pistol holster

Shin and knee guards with reinforced articulations

Shoes Light and flexible shoes with toe and sole reinforcements

Gas mask

Pepper spray Handheld; used at close range to deploy tear gas

Tear gas launcher

Rifle like; deploys tear gas

Plastic wrist-ties

Air gun Powered by carbon dioxide cartridge; deploys powdered pepper gas

Riot stick

There was a moment during the height of the major 4th and Pike standoff where I stepped back and just watched everything unfold around me. I couldn't believe my eyes.

There were elderly people nearly vomiting from the ingestion of the gas, people being treated by medics all around me, explosions ricocheting off the buildings and a helicopter with a large camera mounted underneath it swirling a hundred feet above us in a sea of smoke and fog. It was completely surreal. I felt as if I was an extra in some big budget Hollywood production. Is this really what I've been waiting for all my life? Is this what I had hoped for? I still had a lot of unanswered questions in my head, but things were just getting started.

As the daylight slowly gave way to nightfall, the battles raged on in downtown and up in Capital Hill. Mayor Paul Schell had just activated a nighttime curfew (martial law?) in the downtown area and had called in the National Guard for the following day. If anything, this enraged folks to a much greater degree than before. In disregard of the curfew, roaming groups of hardcore activists continued to taunt police throughout downtown into the early morning hours. After following several hundred protesters all the way up to Capital Hill the kops began unloading heavily in a residential area for the first time.

Everyday residents and patrons of the community were caught in the crossfire and got dragged into the middle of the standoffs, whether they cared to or not. Some of the chemical agents sified in through sleeping families ventilation systems and choked small children. This caused folks to hang out their windows and curse and throw objects at the kops. All of a sudden this struggle became very real and very threatening to large numbers of folks who had only seen images on their tv screens.

Meanwhile, back at the 420 space mass mobilizing was going on in every square inch of the warehouse. One large area had been converted into a makeshift clinic to treat and aid those who had been gassed or severely beaten by kops. A general assembly meeting of all the affinity groups went on in the large room for quite some time. I ran into some friends and ended up aiding folks in a decompression area. This area was roped off back near the kitchen, and was a mellow area for folks that were stressed out or upset or tired from all the activity of the day. I pretty much just checked on folks, talked to those in need, got hot food or water for those who were too exhausted. I stayed in this area for a couple of hours before rounding up a group of folks who needed a place to stay and bringing them back to the apartment squats for the night. We chatted briefly but all crashed out shortly thereafter as the 1st was looking just as busy as the 30th.

I started the 1st by riding the bus back out to Loren's place to drop off some gear and make some phone calls. While there I watched some newscasts and began to see the giant cover up unfold. Almost every article in the papers and clip on the tv focused on the unruly anarchists who ruined things for all and forced the kops to retaliate. I wasn't surprised and wrote off the bullshit reports. When I arrived back downtown, just outside of the "no protest zone" I started to hear word of the really disgusting news that was developing. Large numbers of devout pacifists had ventured into the main artery of downtown early in the morning to clean up the graffiti and help the corporations patch up the broken windows of their storefronts, this I truly could not comprehend. These people were in the streets combating the WTO, but helping the mega conglomerate corporations that use WTO trade guidelines to create slave labor and destroy small farmers livelihood. Which side are you on?

Inside or outside the city, as the commission and the council may find appropriate or convenient in accordance with comprehensive zoning & redevelopment plans...

Old Town - A HISTORY OF Fucked UPPEDNESS

Old Town has a great history. It's had a good legacy of women: The North End, The North Burnside District, Big Edgy (a loggers), the Vice District (to caps & puritans) the Bad Lands (to gamblers), & my favorite SATAN CITY (from the fall with the by Dem calls with the British soldiers of the Lord vs. Satan City: the term Skid Row/Skid Road has its origins in Portland referring to Burnside where they dragged the logs off the hill on sleds. Old Town has had a strong 100+ year history of puns, opiate, misfits, hoboes, shanties, gambling, wobbles, speakeas, prostitution, secret tunnels, bars, the size of Ford's, & all other types of wild stuff.

It's also been home to Portland's Chinese community & early home to the Black Community.

"This area has always had a racially diverse population in contrast to the more homogeneous sections of upper NW & SW Portland."

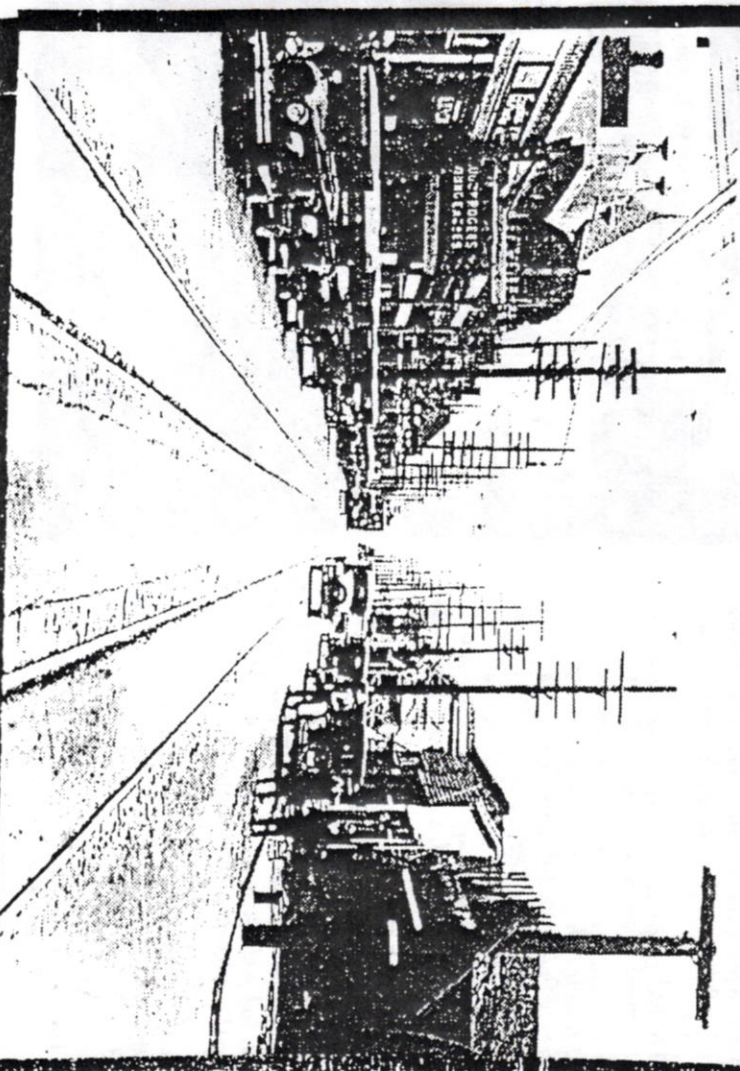
The first anti-improvement program to hit Albina was the Albino Neighborhood Improvement Plan. The ANIP was OK, it was community focused made up of the upper level neighborhood "leaders" (clergymen, local businessmen, & other established community activists). The A.N.I. Committee saved 1 million bucks from the feds through the FDC. The money was spent on a tree-planting program, street rehab, home rehab, neighborhood cleanups, creating the foreboding Unlunk Park. In 1967 citizens of greater Albina petitioned the city to have some of this money go Southward but it was denied due to the

CENTRAL ALBINA STUDY

which the FDC put out 5 years earlier in 1962. In it, Central Albina was found to be worthless in its present residential state.

"Clearly, urban renewal, largely clearance, appears to be the only solution to, not only blight that presently exists in Central Albina, but also to avoid the spread of that blight to other surrounding areas."

The area was slated for light industry & a bike ride through shows that it was almost entirely successful. The area between Milk & Williams is



UNION AVE. Looking South (?)
Believe to be... Looking North to Knott St., @ Brazee. The Eggplant Theatre building is still standing (in the left).

About the name "Albina"

Pretty much after this point up until the 80's the designation of Albina, in articles of the time & in histories of the area, refers to wherever Black people live. The term central Albina is pretty consistent to the Rose Quarter area & has almost no original structures left. Albina at its most general refers to almost all of inner N/NE Portland, & currently specifically to the King, Boise, Elliot & Albina neighborhoods.

VANPORT

Vanport was the largest wartime public housing project in the US & the second largest city in Oregon (with a high population of 30,000) at the time. It was located between the Columbia River & Portland, and was set up to provide housing for workers in the Kaiser Shipyards. I wrote a little article about Vanport in Nosedive! #5 so I'm not gonna go too deep here about its history. What's important about Vanport & the wartime ship industry is that it brought over 160,000 out of state workers, including 20,000 Blacks. Increasing Portland's African American population ten fold.

Vanport had lots of negatives (shitty construction, shitty administration, highly segregated housing) & a few positives (increased diversity to Portland, increased opportunity to African Americans, & the founding of PSU).

In May of 1948, an early thaw & lots of rain produced high water conditions & Vanport, having been built on a flood plain surrounded by dikes, was a little nervous. The residents were told not to worry though by the Army Corps of Engineers, as they felt the dikes would hold back the rising flood waters. As conditions got worse the Housing Authority of Portland (Vanport's administrators) looked into evacuation but decided against it because there was only enough emergency housing for approx. 8,500 & food for even less.

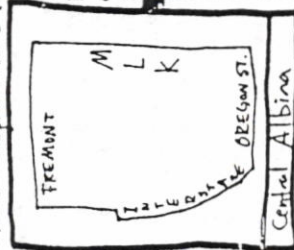
So they told the residents to sit tight & on May 30 a railroad dike broke & Vanport was quickly & completely flooded. The houses having no foundations floated into a big clump. The death toll varies, officially 13, but many people felt that the #s were much higher. Also there was no compensation for lost property or valuables.

Interestingly, at the time of the flood, Vanport had fallen into really bad shape. Vacancy was about 50%.

The Kaiser Shipyards had done some post-war dehousing & the residents were starting to get homesick about the lack of democracy in their city & its state of disrepair. And while I don't think Mother Nature conspired with developers to flood out this prime piece of real estate, both the city & the capitalists were hearing & having over what to do with this poor community.

Where Vanport was is now the PIX raceway, a light industry park, & a golf course without the slightest sign of what had happened here.

While Vanport had a 50% vacancy, Portland was in an extreme post-war housing shortage. Racist union member ship & racist real estate practices compounded this problem for Black former Vanport residents, forcing them into the already crowded low income inner city Central Albina neighborhood. On top of this, Albina had some of the oldest & least up kept houses on the Eastside with more than 20% of the homes considered substandard, overcrowded or unsafe.



REDEVELOPE

RENEWAL

RETARDATION

The first massive clearance of Albina began in 1956 when a city vote authorized the building of the Memorial Coliseum. The coliseum was thrown down on top of the eastside's oldest ethnic neighborhood, displacing at least 150 (mostly Black) people, & finally making a white corridor from the westside to the flood-shipping area. Lloyd center was completed 4 years later, at the time the largest shopping mall in the USA.

THE PDC

In 1958 the Portland Development Commission was formed by the City Council, now Mayor Terry Schrunk, & approved by another city vote. It was created in response to federal mandates concerning inner city slums.

- The PDC was authorized to perform all functions prescribed under title 42 of the US code relating to slum clearance, urban renewal & urban development & redevelopment.

The PDC was also given authority to "... promote industrial expansion and location and acquire such property, real or personal..."

On the first with the backing of the National Guard and the fascist no protest zone, things got real ugly, real quick. Hundreds upon hundreds of activists were arrested and beaten by anxious kops. If you didn't have press credentials, work downtown or live downtown then you were a target. This applied to all. People were being arrested and accosted for wearing gas masks, having their faces covered or walking in groups. I was visiting a friend who lived above the Pike Place market when she asked if I wanted to head down to the steelworkers rally at the docks. I had planned on going anyway so I tagged along with her and her roommate. It was drizzly and nasty out, yet around a 1,000 folks were out at the rally. We heard speakers and sang songs for about an hour or so before heading back up to their apartment.

We were sitting there talking when we heard a huge rumbling outside. All the youth and steelworkers were on their way up into the marketplace and were gearing up to charge into the no protest zone. So I rushed down into the mix just in time to make it up the hill and begin a cat and mouse game with the kops. Bombs fell up and down Pine and Pike streets as the kops were shooting completely undirected and without warning of any kind. At one point on 1st Street they opened up on a crowded road full of drivers and pedestrians. Finally a major standoff erupted right in front of the marketplace where hundreds of tourists flock and many independent businesses are located.

At last we had the kops in an area where they wouldn't dare start anything. At least that is what we thought. Amidst many neighborhood residents and the bustling market the kops began to unload once again. At this locale many people were sprayed at point blank range, many people were denied access to their homes and an unlucky few were pushed to the ground and clubbed. I was so close to this action that I'm lucky I escaped unscathed. Things got so ugly that I ran inside of Left Bank Books to get away from the gas for a bit. There must've been fifty or more of us crammed inside of the store for upwards of a half an hour. After a while fumes began to come in through the vents and choke people up.



I then went outside and down into the market with a small group of folks who were cussing out the kops. The gas had gotten inside the market and ruined all of the fresh produce and fruit and even closed the fish market down. Do you think these retailers were ever reimbursed by the city? Surely not. I ran into Ben a few minutes later and we headed to 420 for some food and to catch up with what was going on that evening.

Once again 420 was buzzing with stories and meetings and large numbers of folks. I mostly just relaxed and sat in on the general assembly meeting to catch up on the days events and the now dubbed Seattle 500. That's right at least five hundred folks had been arrested during the course of the day. Many for crossing into the no protest zone, many for wearing gas masks and bandannas, and an unlucky few for walking in groups of three or more. At this point the entire focus of the struggle moved to freeing those who were harassed, beaten and jailed. So the main scope of the dialogue that evening was how to begin getting all of our comrades out.

After a while I walked with a group of folks up to Capital Hill for a flag burning demo on Broadway. If my memory serves me correctly it was organized by a group of veterans against militarism. The demo started out small with maybe fifty or so folks listening to Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" while dancing in the street and burning flags. In a matter of 20 minutes the crowd swelled to several hundred and began to take to the streets. There was lot of indecisiveness as to where to go and what to do. A chant of "By any means necessary" went up as pacifists and non pacifists once again began butting heads.

At least a third of the crowd wanted to by surprise storm the nearby police precinct. Now this was more like it. Taking up the offense and being one step ahead of the pigs would be a very exciting turn of events. The problem with this otherwise brilliant strategy is that you really have to assume that in any group of fifty or more there are bound to be at least a couple of undercover agents listening in. So, common sense eventually prevailed and other discussions went up. Should we go down into the no protest zone? Should we confront the rapidly approaching police line, making their way up to Capital Hill for a second night of fighting?

There was a tremendous amount of bickering going on between different factions. It started to get sort of foolish after awhile so I left. The next day I was bombarded with stories of the kops assaulting folks from the community who were sick of being under siege, stories of protesters hurling firecrackers and bottles at police cruisers, stories of flaming barricades and more bombings, in general stories that were telling me that the struggle never sleeps. Disappointed that I had decided to leave so early I decided to commit myself to as much action as I could on the 2nd.

The first thing the morning brought was an Independent Media Center press conference in a large room at the Seattle Community College. It was so crowded with folks that I opted instead to sit outside and talk to some friends and catch up on the happenings. There were several hours before the first big rally of the day was to begin so I used the time to do some writing and have some quiet time. Finally, at around 11 or 11:30 in the morning a large gathering of students and youth gathered near the university to stage a march around the outskirts of the no protest zone to Victor Steinbrueck Park in time to join a large labor rally that was taking place there later in the day.

ALBINA

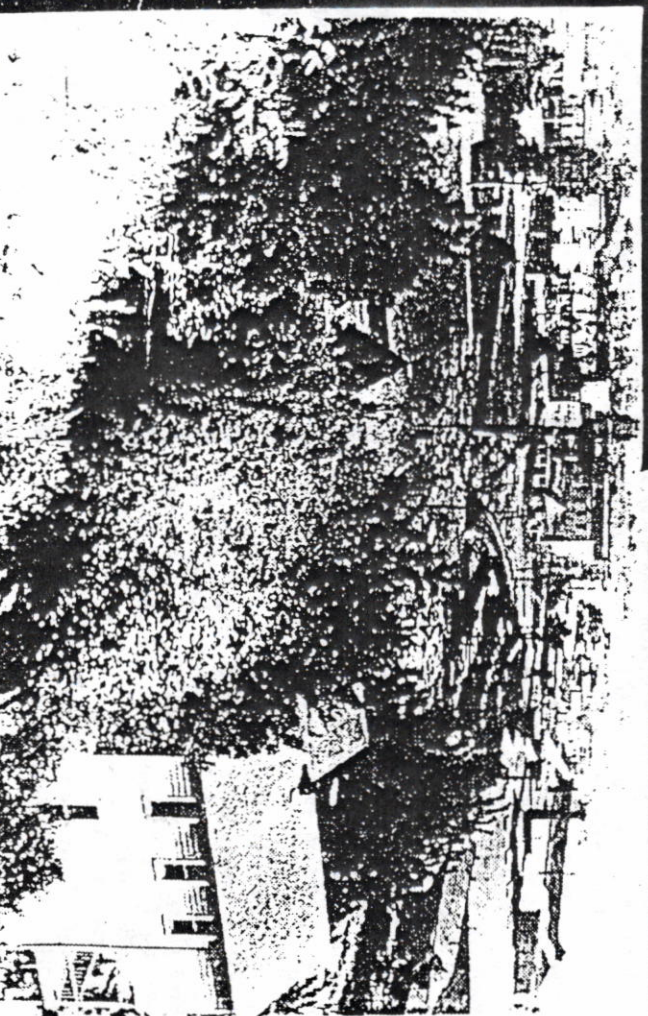
Albina began as its own town. Named after the founder's daughter, I believe, which was a deviation of Alberta, where the founder's wife was from.

Albina wasn't a very exciting place, like many other ex-urban communities, it was a few houses & farms surrounded by lots of trees. It's industrial sector was down off the bluff, by the river.

The action started in Albina in 1883 when the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company started building the \$1.5 million dollar Albina Rail Center which would connect the Portland Area with the East Coast. Albina was chosen for this for two reasons. One, land in Albina was much cheaper then in the north & busting burg of Portland. And two, the first bridge across the Willamette had just been completed (the Morrison Bridge in 1887). The Steel Bridge was completed in 1888 & was offering trolley service by 1889.

Albina started growing quickly & by the late 1880's had started developing a heavy immigrant population. The largest being Scandinavians, approx. 3000 of them, with the middle class living & building on top of the bluff, & the working class living closer to the river & the mills. Polish immigrants settled in the area around Interstate & Failing. German-Passions around 13th & Fremont running north to Prosser. And along Union, Alk & 7th was an area referred to as Little Russia for its central Russian population.

CENTRAL ALBINA-- Looking from the top of the bluff south. Around the turn of the century.



In 1891 Albina was incorporated into the growing Portland, and in 1893 the Albina Rail Center was finished. Portland historian E. Kimbark McCall referred to Albina at this point as a "...medieval Pictom presided over by the lords of the corporate manor..." the corporate manor of course being the westside based Oregon Railway & Navigation Company.

Almost all of Portland's African Americans were employed either in the eastside rail industry or the westside hotels, yet almost exclusively lived on the westside (old town spatially) where rent was cheap & available.

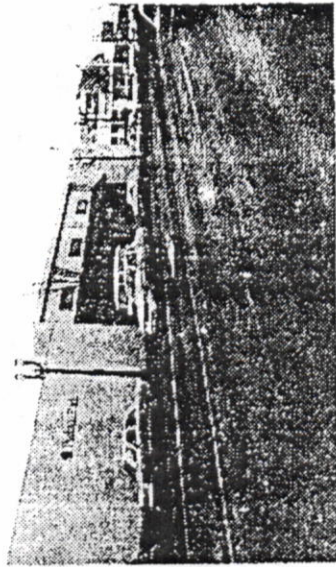
Between 1900 & 1910 Portland's eastside population rose from 32,000 to 120,000. Portland's Black community followed this migration & between 1910 & 1930 housing discrimination was firmly set up with realtors guarding "white neighborhoods" by discriminatory selling products & clauses aimed at Asian & Black buyers.

By 1940 most of Portland's Black population lived in what was known as Central Albina, an area close to the rail, hotel & shipping industries. This area is now the Coliseum & East Quarter, and it's strange to go down to the Mill/fountain area & try & imagine it as Portland's first 'inner city', a gentle slope of dilapidated homes going down to the train tracks.

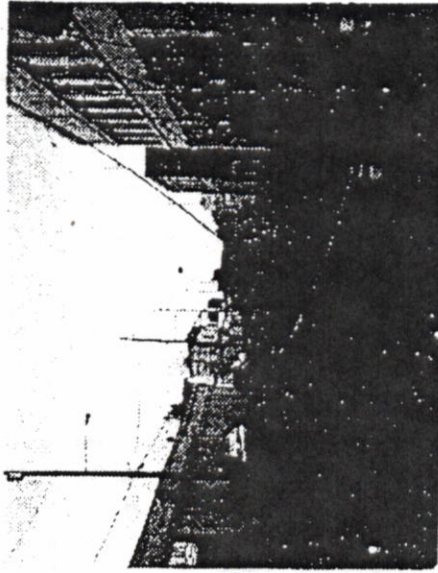
In February of 1986 in an area-wide anti-Chinese hysteria, Chinese workers & residents were kicked out of Albina.

come in, & with more business & more money means more cops. More cops means more harassment of folks of color, more preferential racist renting & selling practices, land values rise, property taxes go up, & more & more poor people simply can't afford to live in our neighborhood anymore, being displaced generally to dead end suburbs and reversion.

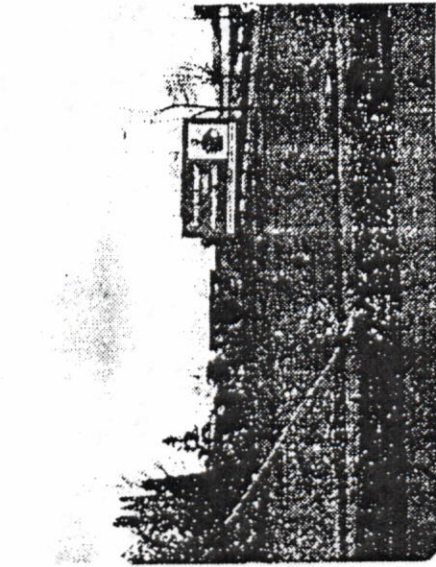
Or at least this is how it seems superficially - ~~this~~ This was how it seemed to me for a long time. It was with some relief that when I started working on this project that I figured out that the process of gentrification is more complex than that, & in the case of Portland, a slow & long process which has reached it's climax in our time. Which in my head moved us punks/hipsters/etc... from instigator to enabler. A cog in the capitalist machine as opposed to the switch. My interest is in how we can change from cogs in to something more distinctly like a wrench or a firecracker, & the first step in that is a little education & that's the purpose of this project.



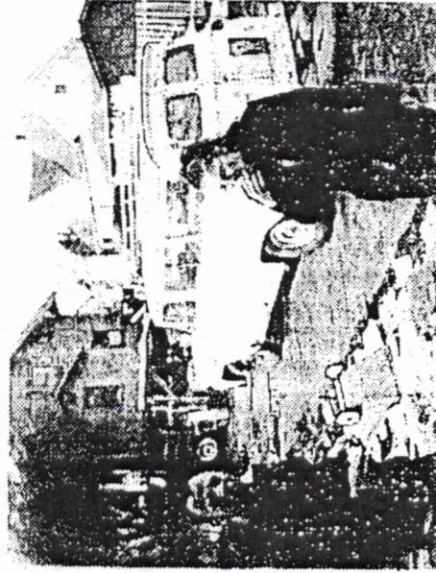
Walnut Park



Shady Alberta



MLK

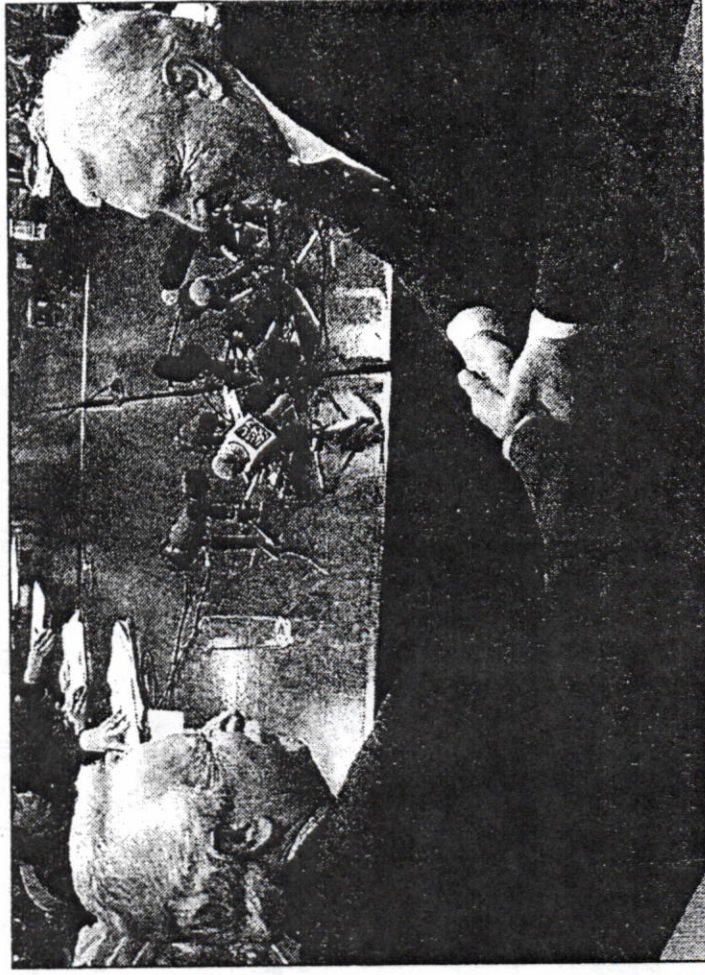


Mississippi/Albina

Maybe it was just me, but I found the dozen or so motorcycle cops who escorted this rally to be a bit much. It just seemed bizarre to me that less than 24 hours after the cops openly and consistently brutalized people in the streets that we should align ourselves or rely on their services in any way. So after what seemed like the most absurd thing I had seen yet in Seattle, we showed up at the park where a couple of thousand folks had already gathered to join them for strength in numbers.

After what seemed like a never-ending barrage of mainstream labor speakers things started to really pick up. Somewhere someone (DAN?) had planted the seed of a march and rally in front of the city jail where numerous activists were being held. After teetering on the edge of the protest zone for awhile and having one last police standoff several thousand people went over to the jail and held an impromptu jamboree. We got right up to the front door of the jail and flooded the outdoor pavillion area with a mass display of people power.

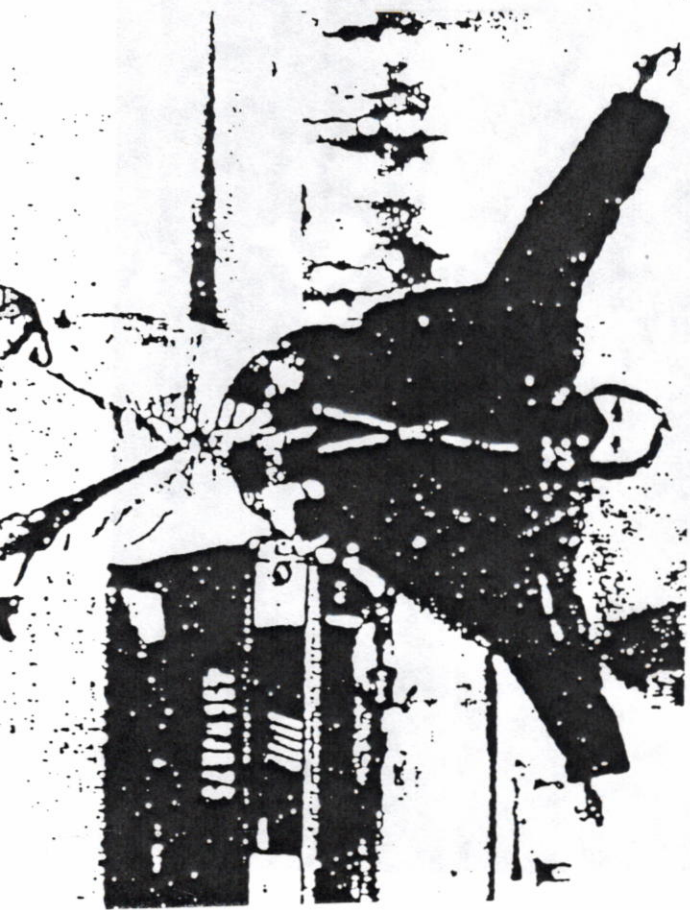
For fifteen minutes or so there was a major quarrel over whether or not to burn a large flag that had been brought down off of the jail's flagpole. The media ate this up and snapped away millions of photos while dozens and dozens of youth began locking arms and sitting down three, four, five rows thick in front of the main entrance to the jail. All the while more and more folks spilled into the area and began singing and chanting so loud that those held captive inside came to the windows several floors up and waved their fists of defiance in a salute to us. The numbers out front remained thick for hours while all the operations inside of the jail grinded to a halt.



Nightfall was coming on and my time in Seattle was drawing to a close. As I peered over my shoulder from the perch I was standing upon I gazed over the look of jubilation upon the faces of all of my brothers and sisters. The week that ignited the resurrection of a generation was drawing to a close and victory was at last ours. In the next days Police Chief Stamper resigned amid accusations of police misconduct and excessive force, the Seattle 500 were released and had all charges dropped and best of all WTO delegates had declared to all that the meetings in Seattle were a complete and total failure. The city remained under martial law until Friday evening after the last delegates had left the ravaged city.

Nearly two and a half months later the aftermath of Seattle is ringing loudly around the world. Activists and Anarchists the world over are in the highest of spirits as the radical movement in North America has awoken after a nearly thirty year slumber. Everywhere people are taking their stories and spirit from the streets of Seattle back to their cities and towns and injecting a lifeblood into the struggle in their own backyards. Richmond is alive and kicking with a renewed sense of optimism and hope and comradeship that hasn't existed in these parts since the tent city days. I witnessed for the first time in my young life that when the people get together and set their minds to something that we can't be stopped. I realized that Anarchism is not a tired old doctrine, that it's a movement that is thriving and growing and proving to be the most valid form of self control and real democracy that exists. Mostly I realized that the bad guys are on the defensive. That they know that global consciousness is on the rise and that their days of playing the puppeteer are dwindling rapidly.

With the IMF meetings in D.C. rapidly approaching and the Republikkan National Convention slated for Philly this Summer, 2000 is shaping up to be a landmark year. A year that will one day be looked back upon as the beginning of the reclamation of our cities, our lives, our world! As always I look forward to fighting and working to create our new world with each and every one of you.



With the exception of 1 year in southeast & about 2 years of combined travels, I have lived in N/NE Portland for the last 14 years. My folks moved to 32nd & Prescott when I was 9, thankfully leaving Fitzhugh New York far behind. The first gentrifying I remember being conscious about was the big boom of the mid to late eighties in northwest Portland. It was actually kind of a fierce battle for awhile; tons of anti-gentri. graffiti, bricks through windows, locks glued, posters & on the more square side of things coalitions to save old house & neighborhood newspapers gaining some clout. It was the first place I actually even saw the word 'gentrification', spelled incorrectly on the low income apartment bldg. That my friend Scott lived at with his mom. It was pretty much over & developed by 1991.

The next boom was Hawthorne, a street of bars, porno shops, hard ware stores, one pizza joint, & a head shop. Now the best place in the city to buy angel paraphendria & a tie dye (the pizza joint & head shop are thriving).

After that in a slow crawl north Belmont, Broadway, upper Fremont, and south to Division & Clinton. On the west side, the invented 'Pearl District' - & Old Town (still in some crack & heroin induced rignormotis). The old Central Albina district is seeing some economic spunk with our B.P. Nike, & microbrew sponsored Rose Quarter & a frontier Wymer brewery on Interstate & Russel. And of course most noticeably Alberta Street, a basically dead commercial thoroughfare when I was growing up behind it, now Portland's own answer to SF's Mission St.

Albina is by far getting some of the heaviest commercial pressure in the city. Fenced in on one side by Walnut Park (a strip mall with a police station cynically attached to it) & a soon-to-be Addidas outlet built right on the corner of Alberta & MLK, and on the other side the McMenamin Bros. 'bar/community center' built in a boarded up school on 33rd.

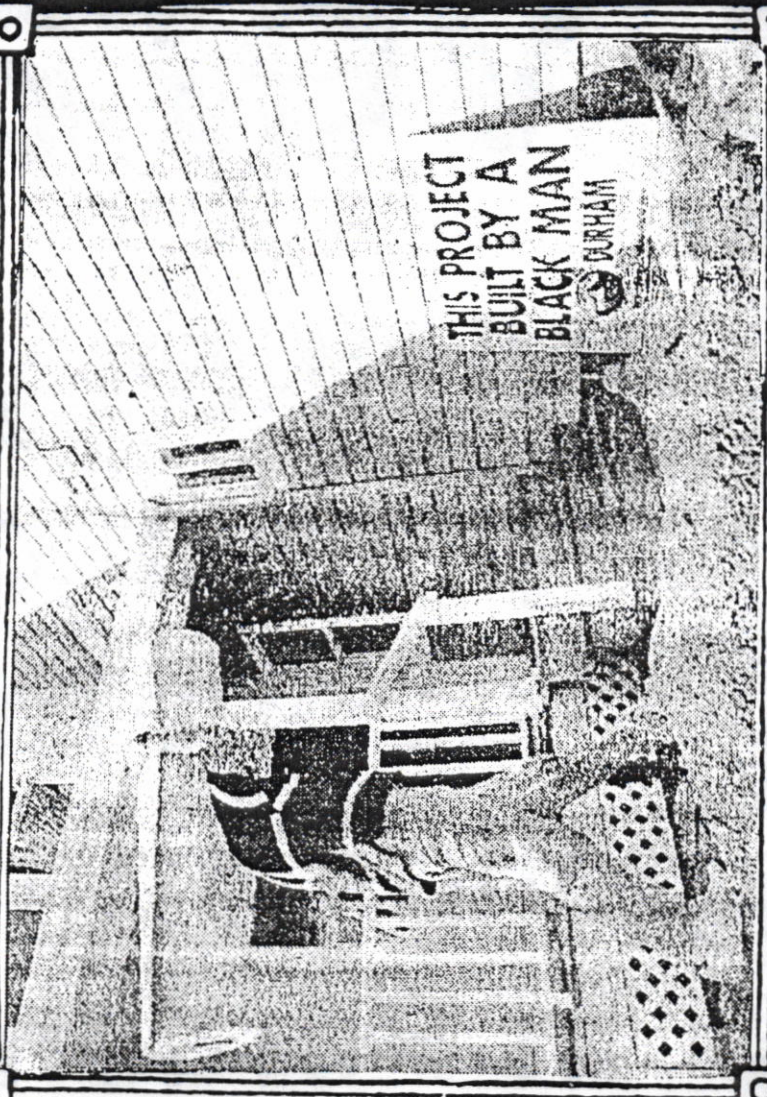
It doesn't show much sign of slowing down, probably heading North to Killingsworth & west to Albina & Mississippi - my neighborhood for the last two years.

Why is this important to me? 1) Gentrification is a bitch on my ass, as much as any city can be mine, this city is mine & it's in full swing here & it makes me sick. 2) It's a classist process & thusly a sexist, ageist, & racist process as well. 3) It makes neighborhoods ugly. 4) If you're reading this & you are white & live in an ethnically diverse lower class neighborhood you are part of the problem. Farkers/Artists/Hipsters/Queers. Regardless of how you stand in that neighborhood whether you grew up there, if you talk to your neighbors, if you're friendly with the local toughs, if you're sytting your way presence makes it easy for the collage kids, the liberal yuppie new parents, the professor to conceive of living there. Friends of yours may be inspired to open a record store, a club, a coffee place. Landlords & land owners start understanding this many of whom are patently racist & would rather rent to young white scappers than young black scappers. More folk come, more rents rise, more predatory businesses come (ie Starbucks)

The following pages on Portland, Oregon were originally written by a guy named Icky and were released in a zine called 'Livin' In Doom Town'. LIDT came out several years ago and was a real chore to track down, even in the Northwest. When I originally started compiling stories for this NW issue I had planned on doing all personal accounts and local history from my perspective. It was LIDT that made me change my mind on this. There is nothing that I could possibly say or write on Portland that Icky hasn't already said with more precision and passion than I could hope to on the subject. By the way, I still have yet to track down Icky and reprinted this without his permission. So, if you know him and happen to come upon this please send him my way. Thanks, greg.

The gap between high- and low-income families has widened steadily since about 1980. Last year, the top 20% pulled in a record 46.2% of national income.

THIS HOUSE OWNED



THIS PROJECT
BUILT BY A
BLACK MAN
DURHAM

BY A WHITE MAN

Wage Increases since 1990 are less than a quarter the rise in home values.

ALBINA POSTER PROJECT

N30 Black Bloc Communique

A communique from one section of the black bloc of N30 in Seattle

On November 30, several groups of individuals in black bloc attacked various corporate targets in downtown Seattle. Among them were (to name just a few):

Fidelity Investment (major investor in Occidental Petroleum, the bane of the U'wa tribe in Columbia)

Bank of America, US Bancorp, Key Bank and Washington Mutual Bank (financial institutions key in the expansion of corporate repression)

Old Navy, Banana Republic and the GAP (as Fisher family businesses, rapers of Northwest forest lands and sweatshop laborers)

NikeTown and Levi's (whose overpriced products are made in sweatshops)

McDonald's (slave-wage fast-food peddlers responsible for destruction of tropical rainforests for grazing land and slaughter of animals)

Starbucks (peddlers of an addictive substance whose products are harvested at below-poverty wages by farmers who are forced to destroy their own forests in the process)

Warner Bros. (media monopolists)

Planet Hollywood (for being Planet Hollywood)

This activity lasted for over 5 hours and involved the breaking of storefront windows and doors and defacing of facades. Slingshots, newspaper boxes, sledge hammers, mallets, crowbars and nail-pullers were used to strategically destroy corporate property and gain access (one of the three targeted Starbucks and Niketown were looted). Eggs filled with glass etching solution, paint-balls and spray-paint were also used.

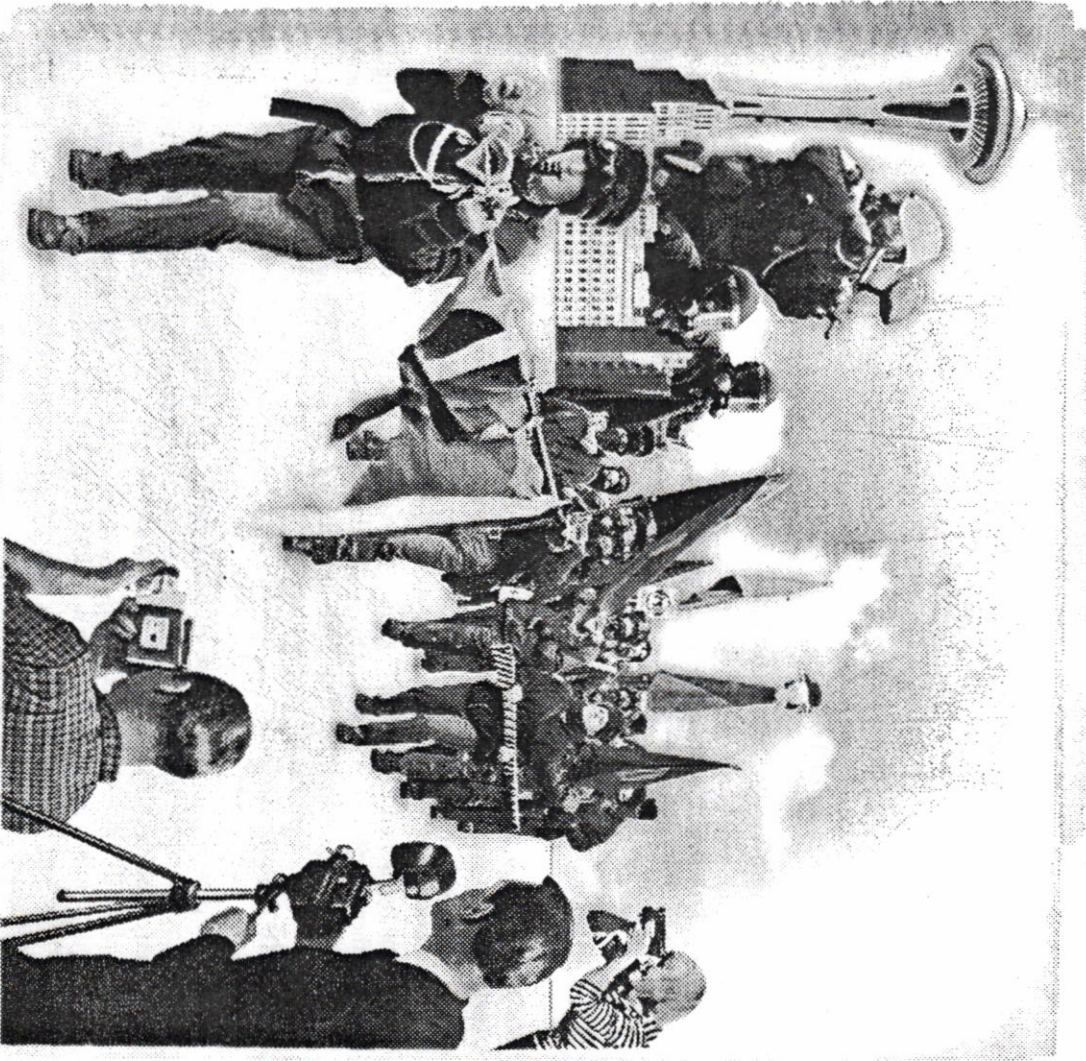
The black bloc was a loosely organized cluster of affinity groups and individuals who roamed around downtown, pulled this way by a vulnerable and significant storefront and that way by the sight of a police formation. Unlike the vast majority of activists who were pepper-sprayed, tear-gassed and shot at with rubber bullets on several occasions, most of our section of the black bloc escaped serious injury by remaining constantly in motion and avoiding engagement with the police. We buddied up, kept tight and watched each others' backs. Those attacked by federal thugs were un-arrested by quick-thinking and organized members of the black bloc. The sense of solidarity was awe-inspiring.

THE PEACE POLICE

Unfortunately, the presence and persistence of "peace police" was quite disturbing. On at least 6 separate occasions, so-called "non-violent" activists physically attacked individuals who targeted corporate property. Some even went so far as to stand in front of the Niketown super store and tackle and shove the black bloc away. Indeed, such self-described "peace-keepers" posed a much greater threat to individuals in the black bloc than the notoriously violent uniformed "peace-keepers" sanctioned by the state (undercover officers have even used the cover of the activist peace-keepers to ambush those who engage in corporate property destruction).

RESPONSE TO THE BLACK BLOC





Response to the black bloc has highlighted some of the contradictions and internal oppressions of the "nonviolent activist" community. Aside from the obvious hypocrisy of those who engaged in violence against black-clad and masked people (many of whom were harassed despite the fact that they never engaged in property destruction), there is the racism of privileged activists who can afford to ignore the violence perpetrated against the bulk of society and the natural world in the name of private property rights. Window-smashing has engaged and inspired many of the most oppressed members of Seattle's community more than any giant puppets or sea turtle costumes ever could (not to disparage the effectiveness of those tools in other communities).



vera,



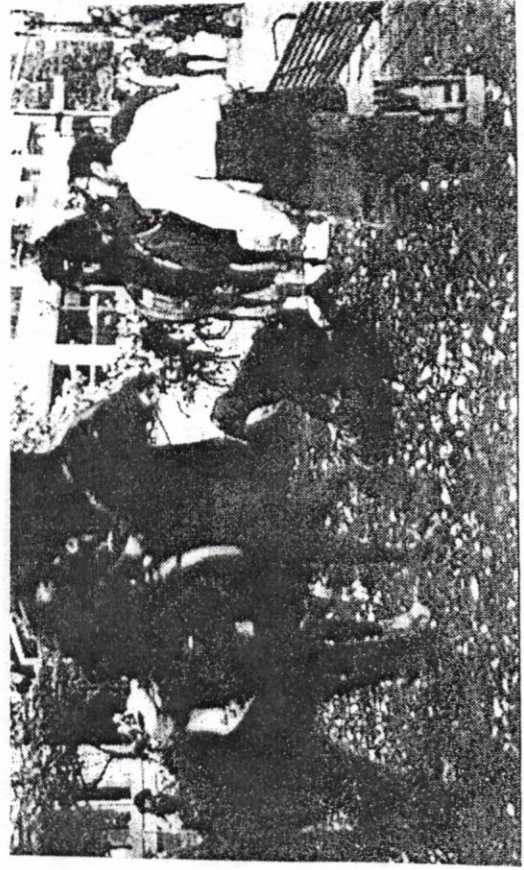
What do you plan to do about the police brutality in Portland?



In a city filled with stories of police shootings, illegal spying and ongoing charges of brutality, including the October 1998 slaying of Dickie Dow, no one is safe, including those in the radical milieu. During a Mumia rally late last year kops arrived and began harassing and arresting several protesters for no apparent reason whatsoever. Chad Hapshe was arrested for an unlawful littering charge of dropping a flower on the ground. In the confusion that followed Craig Rosebraugh who was questioning the incident was knocked to the ground by a kop and then had his arm broken by an anxious horse.

All of this however was merely the beginnings of an escalation that I would hear no more of until I was back in Richmond. On February 2, 2000, Craig had his house, vehicle and former office searched for six hours by agents of the F.B.I., B.A.T.F. and U.S. Forest Service in relation to his role as an organizer for the Earth Liberation Front. Lots of property was seized as Craig and his roommates were held at gunpoint during the duration of the search. F.B.I. agents then issued a subpoena for Craig to appear before a federal grand jury in Portland. This is his fifth such subpoena in three years.

With the increased sense of urgency amongst some in the radical movement and a newly developing front against globalization we must remember our past mistakes and work diligently to ensure that they don't happen in the present. As more militant actions come into practice and our ranks swell in numbers, counter intelligence programs the like of which decimated the civil rights and black power movements' will begin to take swift and brutal action to discredit us. With the ongoing struggle in Portland and the blossoming Anarchist movement in Eugene, the state of Oregon is shaping up to be the center of the struggle between the ruling class elite and the global resistance movement.



Police handcuffing injured Mumia protester Craig Rosebraugh at October 15 rally.

TEN MYTHS ABOUT THE BLACK BLOC

Here's a little something to dispel the myths that have been circulating about the N30 black bloc:

1. "They are all a bunch of Eugene anarchists." While a few may be anarchists from Eugene, we hail from all over the United States, including Seattle. In any case, most of us are familiar with local issues in Seattle (for instance, the recent occupation of downtown by some of the most nefarious of multinational retailers).
2. "They are all followers of John Zerzan." A lot of rumors have been circulating that we are followers of John Zerzan, an anarcho-primitivist author from Eugene who advocates property destruction. While some of us may appreciate his writings and analyses, he is in no sense our leader, directly, indirectly, philisophocally or otherwise.
3. "The mass public squat is the headquarters of the anarchists who destroyed property on November 30th." In reality, most of the people in the "Autonomous Zone" squat are residents of Seattle who have spent most of their time since its opening on the 28th in the squat. While they may know of one-another, the two groups are not co-extensive and in no case could the squat be considered the headquarters of people who destroyed property.
4. "They escalated situations on the 30th, leading to the tear-gassing of passive, non-violent protesters." To answer this, we need only note that tear-gassing, pepper-spraying and the shooting of rubber bullets all began before the black blocs (as far as we know) started engaging in property destruction. In addition, we must resist the tendency to establish a causal relationship between police repression and protest in any form, whether it involved property destruction or not. The police are charged with protecting the interests of the wealthy few and the blame for the violence cannot be placed upon those who protest those interests.
5. Conversely: "They acted in response to the police repression." While this might be a more positive representation of the black bloc, it is nevertheless false. We refuse to be misconstrued as a purely reactionary force. While the logic of the black bloc may not make sense to some, it is in any case a pro-active logic.
6. "They are a bunch of angry adolescent boys." Aside from the fact that it belies a disturbing ageism and sexism, it is false. Property destruction is not merely macho rabble-rousing or testosterone-laden angst release. Nor is it displaced and reactionary anger. It is strategically and specifically targeted direct action against corporate interests.
7. "They just want to fight." This is pretty absurd, and it conveniently ignores the eagerness of "peace police" to fight us. Of all the groups engaging in direct action, the black bloc was perhaps the least interested in engaging the authorities and we certainly had no interest in fighting with other anti-WTO activists (despite some rather strong disagreements over tactics).
8. "They are a chaotic, disorganized and opportunistic mob." While many of us could surely spend days arguing over what "chaotic" means, we were certainly not disorganized. The organization may have been fluid and dynamic, but it was tight. As for the charge of opportunism, it would be hard to imagine who of

the thousands in attendance _didn't_ take advantage of the opportunity created in Seattle to advance their agenda. The question becomes, then, whether or not we helped create that opportunity and most of us certainly did (which leads us to the next myth):

9. "They don't know the issues" or "they aren't activists who've been working on this." While we may not be professional activists, we've all been working on this convergence in Seattle for months. Some of us did work in our home-towns and others came to Seattle months in advance to work on it. To be sure, we were responsible for many hundreds of people who came out on the streets on the 30th, only a very small minority of which had anything to do with the black bloc. Most of us have been studying the effects of the global economy, genetic engineering, resource extraction, transportation, labor practices, elimination of indigenous autonomy, animal rights and human rights and we've been doing activism on these issues for many years. We are neither ill-informed nor unexperienced.

10. "Masked anarchists are anti-democratic and secretive because they hide their identities." Let's face it (with or without a mask)--we aren't living in a democracy right now. If this week has not made it plain enough, let us remind you--we are living in a police state. People tell us that if we really think that we're right, we wouldn't be hiding behind masks. "The truth will prevail" is the assertion. While this is a fine and noble goal, it does not jive with the present reality. Those who pose the greatest threat to the interests of Capital and State will be persecuted. Some pacifists would have us accept this persecution gleefully. Others would tell us that it is a worthy sacrifice. We are not so morose. Nor do we feel we have the privilege to accept persecution as a sacrifice: persecution to us is a daily inevitability and we treasure our few freedoms. To accept incarceration as a form of flattery betrays a large amount of "first world" privilege. We feel that an attack on private property is necessary if we are to rebuild a world which is useful, healthful and joyful for everyone. And this despite the fact that hypertrophied private property rights in this country translate into felony charges for any property destruction over \$250.

MOTIVATIONS OF THE BLACK BLOC

The primary purpose of this communique is to diffuse some of the aura of mystery that surrounds the black bloc and make some of its motivations more transparent, since our masks cannot be.

ON THE VIOLENCE OF PROPERTY

We contend that property destruction is not a violent activity unless it destroys lives or causes pain in the process. By this definition, private property--especially corporate private property--is itself infinitely more violent than any action taken against it.

Private property should be distinguished from personal property. The latter is based upon use while the former is based upon trade. The premise of personal property is that each of us has what s/he needs. The premise of private property is that each of us has something that someone else needs or wants. In a society based on private property rights, those who are able to accrue more of what others need or want have greater power. By extension, they wield greater control over what others perceive as needs and desires, usually in the interest of increasing profit to themselves.

Advocates of "free trade" would like to see this process to its logical conclusion: a network of a few industry monopolists with ultimate control over the lives of the everyone else. Advocates of "fair trade" would like to see this process mitigated by government regulations meant to superficially impose basic humanitarian standards. As anarchists, we despise both positions.

The first full day I was in town Dave and I went on a walk through downtown. He showed me around and pointed out a few places of interest and made comments on how fake and new everything seemed to him. He was right for many reasons. Firstly, Portland and the West Coast as a whole are relatively new and young compared to NYC or Philly or Boston. In addition to that is the physical space encompassing downtown. From the newly laid cobblestone streets to the artificial turf landscape near the Willamette River to the wholly generic marble facades of the buildings, Portland is a truly disgusting city to behold.

It's almost as if the city planners thought that by borrowing various elements of other cities and transforming them into the Portland area that they could create an aura all their own. The result is a disaster. A business corridor filled with half empty buildings, an overly touristy waterfront with no tourists (see also Louisville, Richmond, etc.), a city still very much struggling to find an identity. They do have a damn good basketball team however.

On my second day in town there was a post WTO victory rally and march to the waterfront and back. After being in a perpetual state of combat for nearly a week in Seattle, the Portland rally was sort of a joke. Probably around 500 folks arrived at Pioneer Square for the event which was coordinated by peace activists and chaperoned by horse-bound kops. The rally organizers had a city-sanctioned permit to march down to the waterfront and have a rally take place there. Once there some restless folks called for all who dared to take back to the streets despite the permit being invalid at that point.

So, after a few brief words between the protest organizers and their good buddies the kops, all was rectified and the procession was once again allowed to take the streets back to Pioneer Square. By the time we arrived back at the square our numbers had increased greatly and patrons of a beer festival were also spilling out into the streets. The kops ordered all onto the sidewalk as more people spilled into the area. For a couple of brief moments it seemed as if things might escalate into a street ruckus, but that was not to happen today.

The following day I went over to the Liberation Collective on Burnside Avenue to learn what I could about all these anti-police brutality flyers I had seen wheatpasted about town and a story or two of harassment that I had heard. Liberation Collective has in its short existence been met with surveillance,

intimidation, and blatant physical abuse at the hands of Portland's police force. Working primarily around issues of animal and environmental action members of the collective have openly advocated sabotage and direct action as a means of achieving their goals.

I followed the southern migration and wave of post N30 exuberance down the Western seaboard into Portland, Oregon. Between those who were passing through and those who have packed up and moved their lives there, Portland seems to be the place to be these days. It's hard to gauge what variables determine these sort of things. However, since the mid 90's Portland has developed into the West Coast mecca for the travel weary, disenfranchised, counter culture NEW "new left".

I stayed on 24th Street in the Northeast in an area referred to by the overwhelmingly youth based population as the Alberta Art District. The mere title of this area speaks volumes alone. The primary thoroughfare, Alberta Street is no more than a bombed out shell of a since forgotten industrial hub of the city. The endless expanse of weather torn warehouses with faded images of the old businesses that once resided in them are now providing the visual face of the new hipster urban living experience.

Coffee shops, diners and bars now reside in the former homes of machine shops, mechanic garages and distribution centers. It's not hard to envision a time not that very long ago when blue collar families lived, worked and planned for a future in Alberta that would never be realized. Today the streets are overrun with punkers and transients who have no interest in the preservation of the community and no plans further than the next party.

Don't get me wrong, punks have to live somewhere just as much as the next folks, but more and more they seem to be at the forefront of mass gentrification. Richmond, like Portland is no exception to this rule. After all weird looking white kids are still perceived as less threatening than large pockets of minorities.

Five people were living in the house I was staying in. Artists, activists, musicians, all transplanted from elsewhere. It was closer in proximity to that of a boarding house than a communal living space. I don't necessarily blame them for that as the make-up of the house was changing its complexion while I was there. Two of the folks had just moved in from Ashland, Oregon a day or so before I arrived and barely knew the other roommates, so it was interesting to study and observe the awkwardness in the household.

This lack of a true sense of community or social identity is in my perception one of the most severe ailments plaguing urban neighborhoods today. This is what is hampering the Alberta District in a major way. Young folks who have relatively no links or interest in establishing them move into older areas with no commitments other than their own temporary living quarters. They have no consciousness of creating a nurturing or positive interaction with their neighbors or working to enhance the community as a whole. This is what I witnessed in Portland.



Private property--and capitalism, by extension--is intrinsically violent and repressive and cannot be reformed or mitigated. Whether the power of everyone is concentrated into the hands of a few corporate heads or diverted into a regulatory apparatus charged with mitigating the disasters of the latter, no one can be as free or as powerful as they could be in a non-hierarchical society.

When we smash a window, we aim to destroy the thin veneer of legitimacy that surrounds private property rights. At the same time, we exorcize that set of violent and destructive social relationships which has been imbued in almost everything around us. By "destroying" private property, we convert its limited exchange value into an expanded use value. A storefront window becomes a vent to let some fresh air into the oppressive atmosphere of a retail outlet (at least until the police decide to tear-gas a nearby road blockade). A newspaper box becomes a tool for creating such vents or a small blockade for the reclamation of public space or an object to improve one's vantage point by standing on it. A dumpster becomes an obstruction to a phalanx of rioting cops and a source of heat and light. A building facade becomes a message board to record brainstorm ideas for a better world.

After N30, many people will never see a shop window or a hammer the same way again. The potential uses of an entire cityscape have increased a thousand-fold. The number of broken windows pales in comparison to the number broken spells--spells cast by a corporate hegemony to lull us into forgetfulness of all the violence committed in the name of private property rights and of all the potential of a society without them. Broken windows can be boarded up (with yet more waste of our forests) and eventually replaced, but the shattering of assumptions will hopefully persist for some time to come.

Against Capital and State,

the ACME Collective

"Peasant Revolt!"

One wobbly's account of Seattle

I'm very glad that other folks did lots of preparation and organizing in advance of the WTO shut down actions. Pretty much all I did was organize to hand out the "Shut Down" newspapers in the gas station and pull together a group of my friends, some co-workers from the non-profit drive and family (my partner and her 15 year old). I participated a little in the Jobs with Justice mobilization and the Portland Affinity Group Cluster. We also met up a little with a couple dozen anarchists from the labor chorus I used to sing with (They had made cool songbooks that really helped liven things up, especially during the long, stalled Steelworkers march -- a march that only got going at all because rank and filers like us refused to comply with Hoffa and the other "leaders" request that we wait for our police escort). We were hosted in an empty house that belonged to a friendly Longshoreman with whom we were connected through somebody in the union my partner is organizing in the Wild Oats chain.

The IWW fundraiser at the Rendezvous tavern was ok and felt kind of like a General Assembly without the parliamentary bit. NBC showed up before most of the wobs did, hoping for some footage of old fashioned soapboxing, but they were disappointed.

I was pretty impressed by the DAN center on Denny, the squat, the McDonalds Action, and the roving rave truck. On the 29th I tried to keep an idiot (whom I was trying to persuade not to let the air out of somebody's fancy car tires) from getting killed by the car's owner. In the process, ironically enough, the owner punched me hard enough to knock me off my feet.

That sort of sucked, but it didn't get any worse than that and of course it would have done no good to brawl with either stupid bastard. Afterwards I swung by the Portland affinity group action planning meeting for the next day, at which I was recruited to do police negotiations for Reclaim The Streets for the next day. That day, N30 itself, was one of the best in my life.

The huge Wobbly contingent (200 people?) was effective and democratic, sitting down in the face of advancing cops, then circling the block to outflank a different group of cops, forming a roving action that took and held whole blocks at will, building and defending barricades. At one point an overwhelming force of cops let us know they were going to gas and advance on us, so it was my job to let the affinity groups know what was happening, near as I could tell. Some groups chose to stay and got ready for the cops, others fell back to advance again elsewhere. Some of the wob affinity groups ended up reinforcing other corners, others kept moving together as a group, reinforced another corner, etc., until another group of wobs including my group went to join the AFL march. The march felt like a different and definitely tamer world, but we met up with Alexis and other wobs under the One Big Union and Capitalism Cannot Be Reformed banners, so often commented on in the media. In spite of the marshalls, we kept marching downtown to reinforce the direct action, and the Sheet Metal Workers behind us followed (I hear several other unions, including the Steelworkers, the Longshore, the

Farmworkers, and apparently some SEIU folks also kept marching downtown into the thick of things.) We got word from a journalist that no more than 200 delegates had gotten through and the WTO was a wash for the day. Soon afterward, my very asthmatic partner caught some tear gas, and we had to take her back to the Longshoreman's pad. By the time my 15 year old, Zoe, and I got back to the action (a little after 5) the affinity groups had apparently broken down leaving the streets to the cops, the curious, and the dedicated rioters. Up to that point, I'd say that even the property damage I'd seen had been positive (USA Today newspaper boxes and the like, very targeted) and the unmistakable thing was an overwhelming feeling of solidarity and collective struggle. By the time we got back it was more like a mob, without even the sense not to run and trample each other. Zoe and I treated people for tear gas for a couple of hours, then went home to rest up for the next day.

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more Vancouver

I've been in Vancouver for less than a week and I'm already developing a routine. I wake up early, usually around 8 or so. I sit in one of the many various comfy chairs in the home I'm staying in reading & writing, pondering & procrastinating the days events. Sometime around 10 I get up and get going with my day. It's important to get out and about fairly early as (A) it's dark by 4:30, (B) it gets pretty chilly once the sun is down, and (C) it's probably likely that the rain will come soon and last 10, 15, 20 or more hours.

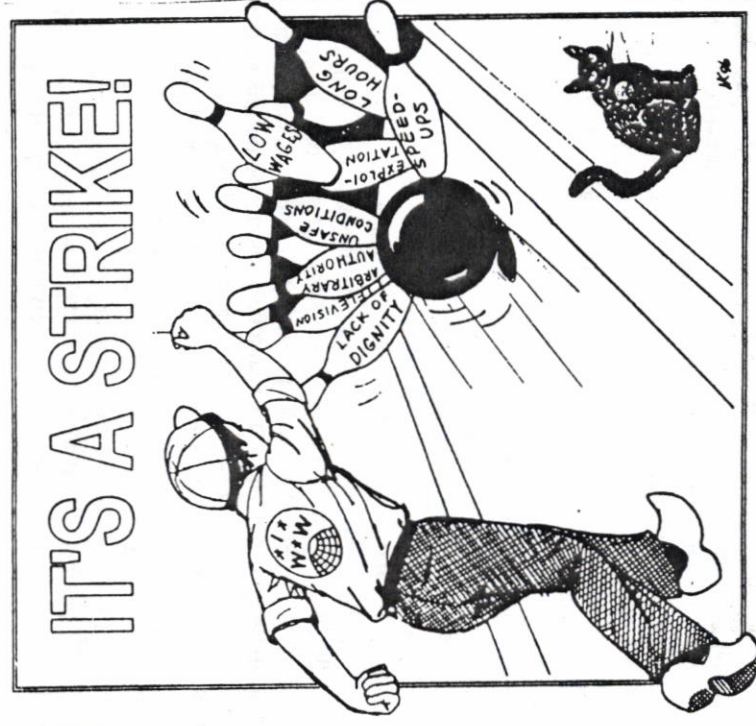
I have already learned some great short cuts, the important busses, the greasiest diners, the history of Gastown and the hours and atmosphere of three different libraries. Although I'm a foreigner to not only the city, but also the country I feel unusually safe and adjusted to the beat of the city. Hastings Street, with its red light urban jungle vibe of scam artists, pushers, addicts, runaways and radicals would probably be the last place one would look for merriment or joy in Vancouver. I think otherwise. The sleazy motels with their big bright neon signs buzzing are very alluring to me. The creepy street codes and language make me hear voices in my head at night. The way people move and interact and live every second like it may be their last is glorious to observe from a boarded storefront. Anything you may need is a handshake away. Drugs, liquor, food, shelter, romance. The people look out for one another, they feed off of each other. They are nothing without the pulse of the city.

If you follow Hastings Eastbound long enough past the outskirts of Chinatown, over the overpass and beyond the waterfront factories you arrive at Commercial Drive. Every city has an area like this. The Telegraph Aves and King Roads of the world. Somehow Commercial still seems urgent though. I marvel at the thriving cultural and social climate on the strip. I take my time and stroll past the eye-pleasing exotic fruit markets, La Quena Community Center and Café, Grandview Park and the hundreds of restless children attacking the playground and viewing worn fragments of wheat pasting expeditions gone by. I love it all. I wish I could bottle it all up a million times and mail it back to Richmond.

I stroll down pass all the hipster coffee shops, the \$1 pizza joints and the wonderful makeshift outdoor flea markets towards the Broadway Sky Train overpass. Ahh, the skytrain, a modern mass transit system left over from the great world expo in Vancouver back in '86. It started as a single stretch through the business district and gradually blossomed into a never ending expanse of track stretching out into suburbia and beyond. The expo also left behind a giant illuminating globe towering over downtown. Both pretty cool to look at, mid 80's wacko visions of the future of Canada. Much more aesthetically pleasing than the giant hunks of steel and concrete left behind in Knoxville when the World Fair was there.

Then it's up Broadway and over into Mount Pleasant and the horrific looking post-modern apartment complexes. Somewhere around the 1,000 or 900 block of East 7th Street there is a park on a steep hill. If you're fortunate and the rain subsides for a minute you can catch a sweeping panoramic view of the city. The cylindrical Tokyo-esque skyscrapers, the sprawling Stanley Park, The Georgia Strait and beyond to Grouse Mountain where someone's probably peering down upon me while I'm spying them from below. Sometime there is so much beauty in the world I feel like I can't take it anymore.

We rejoined our affinity group, joined by another of my coworkers who had came up to SeaTown after her shift was done, swapped stories, and slept -- except for two coworkers who were out until late in the mix and madness up in Capital Hill half the night.



In the morning, I somehow managed to wake my comrades to get them to the downtown rendezvous a little after 7am. On Weds everything was different. The day before it had been almost impossible to get arrested, but on Weds they were arresting anything that moved. We joined a gathering feeder march and eluded the police for a while until we were eventually cornered in Westlake Center, where we sat down. I was on the edge with my kid and coworkers, with no intention of getting arrested. So I asked "Has there been an order to disperse?" A cop answered "No." But not more than a minute later I was grabbed by an agro cop in no mood to talk who slapped zip cuffs on me and dragged me off to a commandeered city bus. A co-worker somehow managed to get my kid out of there without getting arrested and came around to the bus so I wouldn't worry.



On the bus, it was a while before I had any idea what to do. Fortunately the DAN folks on the bus got us ready to take collective action, let us know about legal support and organized us so that we could make collective decisions (most of us had had no arrest preparation, several were attending the first protest of their lives). It wasn't until we were off the bus at the Sand Point Naval Station processing center that we really started resisting. I got elected as one of the facilitators and spokesperson - we rotated these roles as much as possible to keep anyone from getting singled out. We started demanding our lawyers with a loud impromptu song, dancing around, some of us getting out of our temporary cuffs. Then we got into the holding room with another group and the resistance really started. Everybody decided to go limp and refused to be processed. We traded radical cheers, songs, food and stories of organizing. Those of us who weren't sure whether we'd be willing to cite out got behind those who knew they wouldn't to prolong the resistance. We eventually succeeded in getting our lawyers in there, tied up the center for like twelve hours, and, on the bus to a jail in Kent we got the driver to stop several times by rocking the bus, opening the window exits, etc., until guard on board started macing us. Unfortunately for the guard, he was asthmatic himself and started having an attack, poor guy. We got to Kent at maybe 4 in the morning, tuckered and not very full of resistance.

Not until the next day, when some of us were brought for arraignment did anything much happen. We killed time all day by doing teach-ins, playing rolled-up-sock hacky sack etc and reviewing jail solidarity options. Then the protesters outside the jail circled the building and the whole justice center was "locked down": no court functioned, no movement between floors. The guards were very impressed. One told us there were thousands and thousands of activists outside. Like many guards and cops throughout, he went out of his way to tell us he supported the protests.

In the process of arraignment, I got offered a drop of all charges, no ban from the protest zone, and an apology. Some of us with those offers, accepted, some stayed in. I accepted and by 4am Friday, I was out. A DAN lawyer who hadn't slept in three days picked some of us up in Kent and took us where we were going.

That's pretty much my story, except to say that I learned more about resistance, and like my co-workers and so many others, I felt more prepared than ever for future mass militant action. Also, I'm used to being the most optimistic person in any given group. Since the WTO that is no longer true. The optimism is general and infectious.

Yours for the One Big Union, Bill

Bill Bradley is an IWW organizer in Portland, Oregon and was part of the recent success of getting a local BP/Circle K gas station represented by the IWW. He can be reached by writing to: Portland IWW PO Box 15005 Portland, Oregon 97293-5005

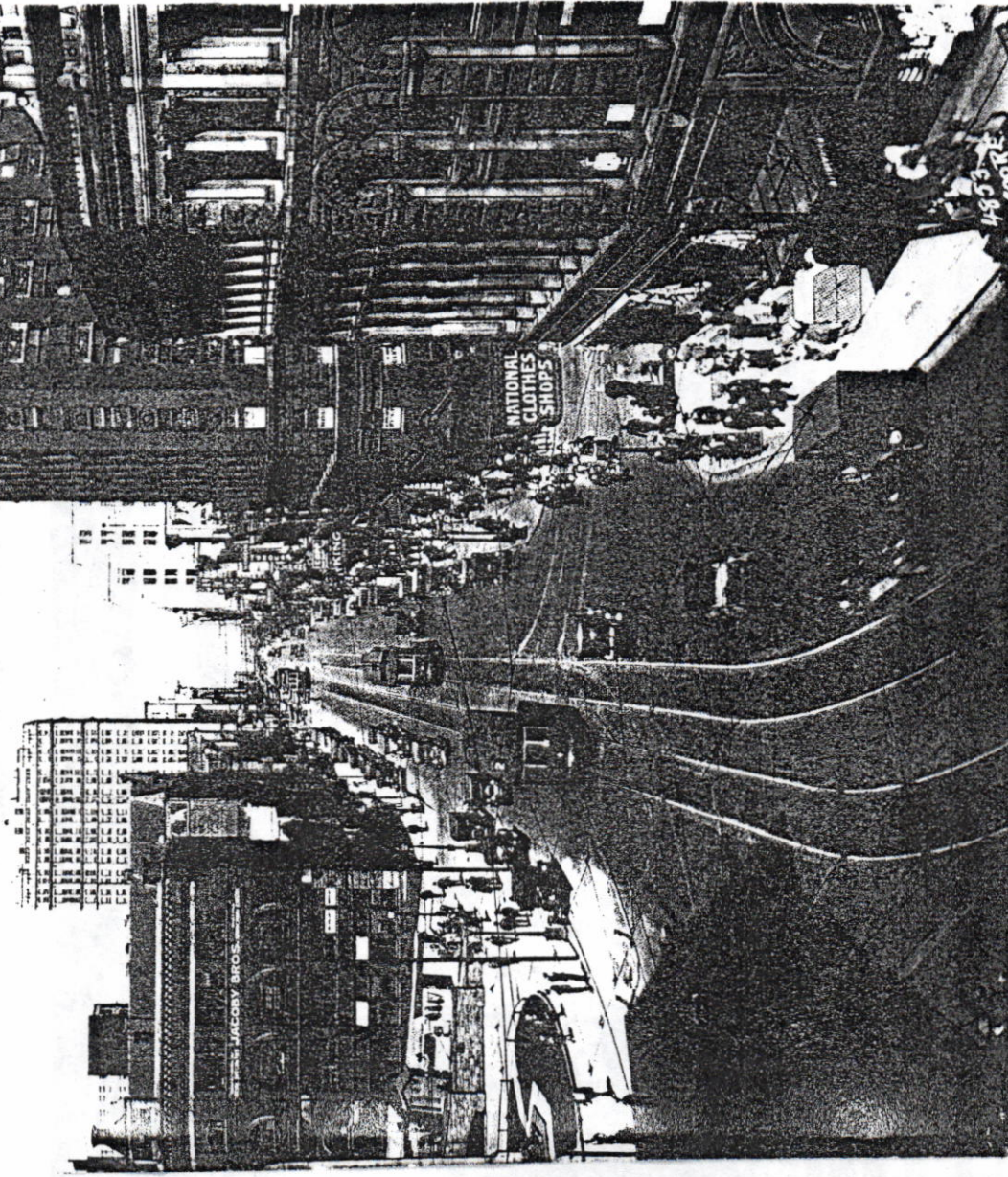


The melee carried on for several hours as police arrested scores of youngsters. Many more folks fled the scene busting windows as they went along their way. Two city council members witnessed the whole affair and filed a judicial inquiry that condemned the hostile police behavior. By Midnight, Maple Tree Square was a wasteland of broken glass, rocks, bricks and other debris as events finally drew to a close.

In the time that has passed since the early 70's Gastown has been chiseled down to a mere fragment of its former self. Hastings and Main Street remains the heart of the historic district, but outside of a very narrow area little of the original community still stands. The ever growing expansion of downtown has left Gastown virtually forgotten. Hastings Street still remains a vital and thriving environment for those on the fringe and the sense of comradeship there is unparalleled in the city. But as is occurring in working poor communities around the world the evil beast of gentrification looms large on the horizon. The city bureaucracy would love nothing more than see the old undesirables of Gastown to become a relic of the past once and for all.

Vancouver

A very brief, not exactly comprehensive look at the history of the Gastown District.



The depression also had a huge impact on the residents of nearby Chinatown. Upwards of 20,000 Chinamen had migrated to the area in the 1880's to work for the Canadian Pacific Railway where thousands died under extreme and harsh conditions. During the 1930's these same proud folks were forced to create shantytowns to live in as there was no work to be had. In what can only be called a complete lack of human decency the city had the local fire department torch one such encampment.

In the decades following Gastown became more and more forgotten and was largely written off as a relic of the past. The city began to put less money into the community as widespread drug use and prostitution began to settle in. It wasn't until the late 1960's that the city came up with any kind of plan for neighborhood revitalization and when that did, members of the community weren't consulted and had little say in the decisions that affected their lives.

Larry Killiam, a local city government official came up with the first round of proposals for spearheading a neighborhood revitalization. With city financing in tow he oversaw the construction of new cobblestone roads, landscaping, street décor and underground utility wires. The cornerstone of his work was the Albamra Hotel on Maple Square being converted into luxury housing for the affluent. This all transpired in 1968.

By 1971, a sizable counter culture movement was thriving in Gastown. It was made up off an eclectic mix of hippies, transients and anarchists. It didn't take long for kops in the area to begin harassing the new youth movement. In July, a local broadcaster, Jack Webster launched a campaign against drugs in the area. Instead of singling out the obvious trouble spots such as the taverns, he condemned Gastown as a drug riddled and claimed people would be risking their lives by going there.

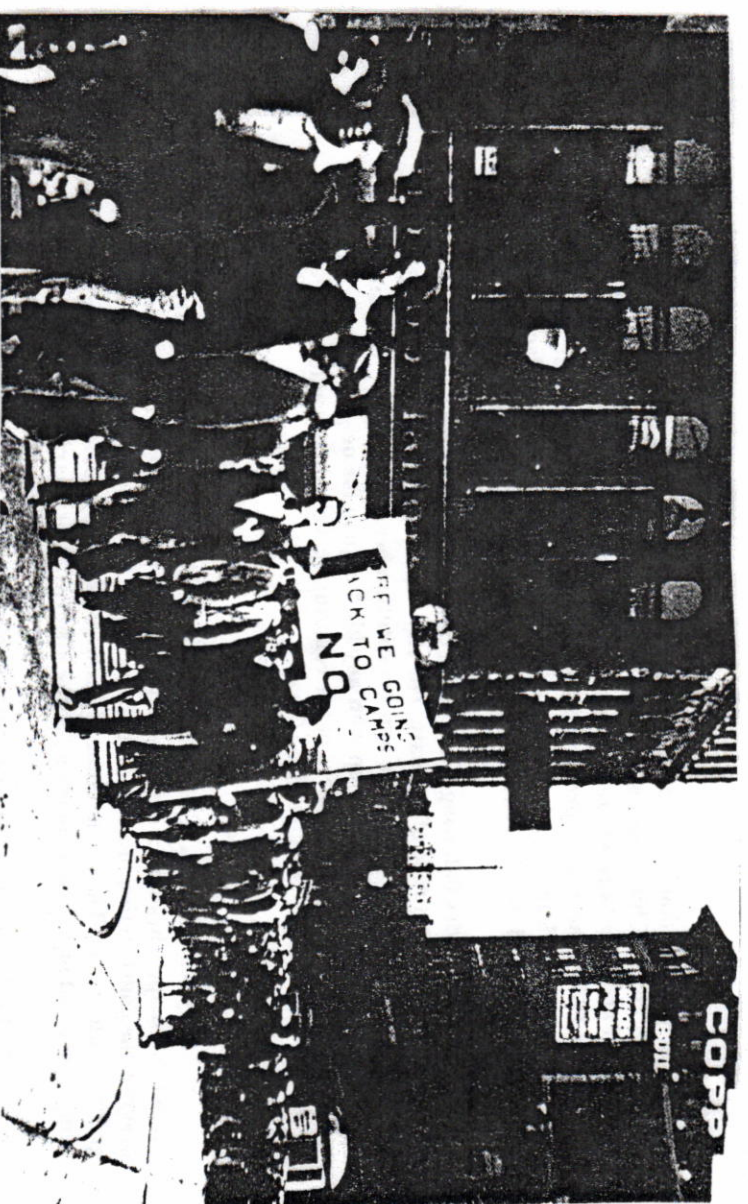
In response to the sensation that had been created, anarchists organized a smoke-in on August 7th at Maple Tree Square to bring light to the recent notoriety. A few hundred folks arrived and began blocking traffic. A giant fake joint was lit up and passed around the audience. The mood turned festive with dancing in the street and a few energized folks scaling the wall of the Hotel Europe and braking off its neon tubing. Nearby police in riot gear were mobilizing and preparing to move in.

With next to no warning police moved in on horseback with batons flying freely and nervous horses nearly running people over. A local paper of the time had the following account: *"The horses were followed by riot-stick equipped policemen on foot. The plain-clothed undercover men quickly donned helmets and joined the fray. The police manual says riot sticks are supposed to be used with both hands to nudge people along. That night they were used like baseball bats. Everyone panicked... the youngsters, the shopkeepers, the tourists and the innocent folks who had come to Gastown for a Saturday evening stroll. Several tourists were struck by police as they scrambled for nearby doorways. At this point, some enraged youth began throwing rocks and bottles at the cops."*

The area today known as Gastown was originally the social, cultural and economic hub of the city of Vancouver. Hotels, dance halls and saloons dotted the largest portion of the community. It was a proud and strong neighborhood where being working class was looked upon with honor.

During the Great Depression of the 1920's, the nearby industrial sweatshops and warehouses served as one of the few places where one might be able to find some occasional work. The depression also brought along dozens of missions that began serving daily hot meals and sheltering as many needy folks as they could.

By the early 1930's, some 7,000 folks were listed on the city's welfare rolls with as many as 250 or more hobos migrating to town on every freight train that arrived. It was around this era that the future development of the city (downtown) began to shift to the south and west, thus leaving "the undesirables" behind in Gastown.



Street riots became commonplace in Gastown and would occasionally spill over into the rapidly developing downtown area. It was this kind of desperate environment that led the hobo contingency to begin to start taking jobs in nearby relief work encampments. By then some 40,000 residents of the city were surviving off of some form of government funding or unemployment benefits. The slave drivers in the exploitive work camps had the workers in the palm of their hands, or so they thought.

After a couple of years of hard manual labor on road construction projects and living in camps for food, shelter and a wage of 20 cents a day, the workers began to take a stand for themselves in the spring of 1935. It was then that 2,000 men left the camps and marched to Vancouver to demand "work and fair wages". They invaded Hudson's Bay Store, clashed with police and then marched to Victory Square for a mass meeting of some 15,000 workers.

Mayor at the time, Gerry McGreear ordered the crowd to disperse with the threat of police violence. His antics were met with opposition in the form of a city-wide 24 hour sympathy strike of local workers. Their primary demand was the abolition of all slave labor encampments. A month later, the momentum continued to build when the striking relief camp workers union occupied the city museum on the third floor of the Carnegie Library.